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GENERAL LIT. & NEWS
JULY 1913
NEW YORK
OF MICH.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

*The
House
of Devils*

Citizen Creel
— "Everyday American"

*A Quiet Life, or Life
on the Quiet*

The Left-Behind



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HAS it ever occurred to you that one of the best ways to judge the value of an automobile is by the speedometer with which it is equipped? If you are considering an automobile that costs considerably more than others are quoted at, you should get considerably more value for the extra money you pay. The car and every item of its equipment should be of a higher grade.

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Do not misunderstand this statement. The Warner does not individually establish or create the value of a car. But it's a safe guide, from which you can size up the value of the car and its equipment. And, what's more important, it gives you confidence in the manufacturer, because you immediately recognize his intention to give you more value for the more money you pay.

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Remember, 97% of all the higher priced car manufacturers have selected the Warner Magnetic Auto-Meter in preference to all others.

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Model O-2
Price \$145



Here are shown some
of the Westfield Pure
Food Products



"Guaranteed under Food and Drugs Act is not a Guarantee"

—U. S. Chemist Alsberg

"THE words on the label 'Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act' still mean to many people that the Bureau of Chemistry has analyzed the product and declared it good, and this belief undoubtedly leads many people to buy defective foods under misplaced confidence. Nor is this belief limited wholly to the ignorant. Within a few weeks three professors in medical schools have written to know what we meant by guaranteeing this or that product which they had found to be defective" . . . "All the guarantee does is to make it possible to prosecute the manufacturer if the goods are found to be in violation of the act".

—From a speech by Dr. Carl L. Alsberg,
Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, delivered at
Mobile, Ala., June 17, 1913.

Dr. Wiley's successor tells you that the guarantee not only does not prove purity, but that it *actually misleads* intelligent people—like you, for example—into buying bad foods because they bear the meaningless phrase "guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act"!

But what the law and the government and the courts fail to do is done for you by

"The Westfield Book of Pure Foods"

This is a list of those brands of each of many kinds of food-products, which have been absolutely proven pure and wholesome in the laboratory of the Board of Health of Westfield, Mass., "the Pure Food Town"—where Prof. L. B. Allyn and his staff have been quietly analyzing foods for over ten years.

"Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act" does *not* mean that the product has been analyzed—or that it is pure—or honest—or clean.

"Certified by the Westfield Board of Health" does mean that the product has been analyzed and is pure, clean, full-measure, and truthfully labelled!

This Westfield Book of Pure Foods was compiled for the people of Westfield, Mass., in whose interests the tests were made, but you can get a copy if you think that a handy guide to the pure foods is worth the trouble of tearing off the coupon below and sending it, with ten cents in stamps or silver to cover costs, to the Board of Health, Westfield, Mass. And when you get your copy, you can buy your goods on the basis of definite, scientific knowledge, instead of haphazard guesswork or ostrich-like self-deception, if you will simply order any one of the many brands it mentions—order by name—and accept no substitute unless that, too, is listed in the book.

Stop letting the food counterfeiters cheat and hurt you—stop being an easy prey for any label liar who wants to risk a ten-dollar fine. Send now for The Westfield Book of Pure Foods and checkmate these people by KNOWING what to order—by being sure that what you order is pure and clean and honest.



TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS. 7-19-13

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which please send me the "Westfield Book of Pure Foods."

Name.....

Street.....

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Who's Your Grocer?



Two years ago the fourth of August the first electrically cranked car appeared on the market--it was Delco equipped

The introduction of the Delco System marked an epoch in automobile history.

Two years ago electric cranking was smiled at as an impractical dream.

Today it is demanded as an essential factor of a properly built car.

Automobile history has been made with amazing rapidity since August, 1911.

The real refinement of the motor car began with the elimination of the crank.

The heavy, high powered car that a couple years ago required expert knowledge and a strong arm to operate, now submits itself with lamblike docility to the gentle touch of a woman's hand.

Probably never before in the history of any modern industry has there been such revolutionary development in so short a time, and it has been due largely to the fact that Delco Equipment was a perfected, practical machine before the first Delco equipped car appeared.

The Delco System Electric Cranking-Lighting-Ignition

The pioneering of Delco Engineers and Designers was well done.

Engineering problems were solved, and mechanical difficulties eliminated in the seclusion of the Delco experimental shops before the public ever heard of electric cranking.

That is why the Delco system was an instantaneous success.

That is why the 12,000 Delco equipped cars that were produced last year simply revolutionized the automobile business.

That is why it has been necessary for us to produce Delco equipment for over 40,000 cars

this year, and to undertake the production of practically 100,000 Delco equipments next year.

There is only one possible explanation for such remarkable development in so short a time—the Delco System was fundamentally and mechanically right from the very start.

And just bear this in mind—big as the production has grown to be, it is not supplying the demand.

A lot of automobile buyers who want Delco equipped cars this year are not going to be able to get them, simply because of the limits of production possibilities.

Delco equipped cars are now and will continue to be at a premium.

Delco equipment for 1914, even more simple and compact in construction than formerly, higher in power and, if such a thing is possible, more positive in operation, marks probably the highest type of electrical apparatus that has ever been produced for motor car service.



The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, - Dayton, Ohio

The Fortunes of Citizen Creel



By Peter Clark Macfarlane

AN EVERYDAY AMERICAN
who has been able to keep faith with his belief that life need never be dull.

GEORGE CREEL is a young enthusiast who went to Denver four years ago to write editorials on the "Post." Latterly his vehicle has been the "Rocky Mountain News." June 1 of last year this boyish idealist was appointed Police Commissioner. On February 1 of the current calendar the Mayor preferred charges against him, and he was suspended from office. Fifteen days later he was removed from office.

For months all the newspapers of the city, except the "News" (on which he was employed), had been heckling him with criticism, misrepresentation, and abuse, which culminated in a whirlwind of vituperative assault that continued unabated during the days when he was under suspension. No insinuation or misrepresentation appears to have been too mean or petty to be employed in the public prints, while privately no immorality was too gross to be imputed, no slander too foul to be whispered about the streets. His past record was searched out like that of the meanest criminal. He was ousted from office to the accompaniment of wild shrieks of approval from his newspaper enemies, while shouts of joy echoed between the haunts of corrupt special interests on the one hand and the recesses of the underworld upon the other, like some grisly antiphonal chorus. To make the situation more humiliating, the men who plotted his downfall were the men whom his passionate enthusiasms and trenchant pen had swept into office.

Why the Hostility?

AND yet in the hour when they had stripped him he seems to have stood highest. In the week when the foulest assaults upon his name had been made, his character appears to have shone brightest. The very day before his enemies humbled him he won the greatest victory of his career in Denver. While politicians were execrating him and paragraphic Calibans were hissing poison, audiences of citizens rose out of respect when he entered their presence, and mothers pressed forward to pat

him on the back and whisper words of encouragement.

Still they forced him out of office. They will drive him from Denver—if they can; make his memory a hiss, his name a byword—if they can!

Why is this, I ask myself, turning page after page of double-leaded venom—why? How has this smooth-faced young man earned so much enmity? What child has he trampled? What woman wronged? What man defrauded? What cause betrayed?

He Came from Missouri

THINKING it must lie in the man himself, for one scruple to indict a city, I turned and studied the man's face. Undoubtedly something of Creel's rare capacity to kindle devotions and excite antagonisms is written there. We see at a glance the broadish round-cornered brow of the intuitional type of mind which sees widely and thinks clearly but emotionally. The nose is strong and full—feeling again! but not the sloppy sort of feeling—rather a tense and refined emotionalism, as indicated by the sharp inturn of the nostrils at the base and the manner in which they quiver in excitement. And now look at the long lower lip, full and red from end to end. This is the lip of abandon. If this lip started wrong, everything his enemies say of George Creel might be true. Then glance at his hair, carried straight back as if by the headlong speed with which the man dives into whatever enterprise commands his allegiance. But do not think he dives recklessly. Consider his eyes. They are brown and recessed, but gather light. They are woman's eyes, for sympathy and softness, but when wrong has roused them they are warrior's eyes and flash with battle light. For this young George Creel is a fighter, a champion in the lists for the lowly. He has an instinct for humanity; the smell of mortality is over all his acts. And so, just from looking at his picture we can begin to understand his troubles.

But we shall like him better if we can see how deliberately he cast his life in a spirit of gentleness and mirth—a spirit which he still retains—and that he was only made over into a fire-breathing fighter by the causes which he championed.

Creel was born in Missouri one year after the centennial, with good blood in his veins and generations

of traditions to live up to; but even as a boy he was never able to get up any interest in traditions. Life, love of people, a sympathetic affinity for humanity in the mass were motive instincts with him. He couldn't stay at home. There were not people enough there to suit him. He loved the main streets of the village; he hung on the crowds that gaped at the street faker's oratory, and it was the crowds and not the oratory that attracted the boy. One autumn he ran away from home and followed the succession of country fairs about the State—again his passion for the crowds! At eighteen he was in Kansas City, reporting on the "World," which was one of Scripps's early ventures. As a reporter human sympathy characterized his work. Sometimes the application of this quality resulted in a great story, sometimes in none; as, for instance, when George was sent out to get the account of an elopement from the father of the girl. The weeping father met the young reporter and explained that he did not wish to be quoted. The boy forgot that he was a reporter in remembering that he was a gentleman.

"Why, certainly, sir," he murmured sympathetically. "Quite natural!—Quite natural!" After which he took himself off, going back to the office with a fine warm glow in his breast.

"What's the story?" asked the city editor.

"The gentleman was feeling very badly and didn't wish to be quoted," replied the boy in confidential tones.

The city editor's teeth ground out a bulldog growl. "You fool!" he blurted. "Go to the back door, see the cook, and get the story out of her."

"Go to the back door yourself," exclaimed Creel in sudden anger; "I'm not a back-door worker."

Jokesmith and Snow Shoveler

THUS was his reportorial career blighted. He left Kansas City on a cattle train, the destination of which was New York. While en route he had hastily decided that what humanity needed was a fresh supply of stories of the Poe type, and arrived in Manhattan big with this idea, but could find no editor to agree with him. In fact, so far as Creel could find out personally, there were no editors; all he ever saw were office boys. Picking up a copy of "Judge"—no insinuations; it would have been the same

If it were "Life," or "Under the Chestnut Tree"—he decided that jokes gave the greatest promise of easy lure. Shutting himself in his cheap room in a mechanics' hotel, he ground out jokes by the dozens, by the hundreds—jokes in bales and jokes in bundles; but soon discovered that he had merely invented an endless chain. They all went out but they all came back again, and with their points rubbed off so that not even George himself could see them.

Giving up joke writing for a time, he became a snow shoveler. This paid much better and he quickly acquired the point of view of his new craft. On a bright sunny day his spirits were plunged in gloom, but when the sky was overcast and the promise of flakes was in the weather report, his spirits soared. By the time spring arrived, however, George had really got the hang of joke building. The doors of all the comics swung open for him, and Creel began to make the nation laugh.

But this was not a career; it was a makeshift. Creel was an earnest soul. He wanted to make things better for the people so they could laugh of their own accord without the necessary fingers of a jokester twiddling them in the ribs. He found another man of the same mind, and in 1890 went back to Kansas City to start a weekly paper called the "Independent," the particular aim of which was political reform. Kansas City, with Democratic Missouri on one side of it and Republican Kansas on the other, had not progressed very far beyond the party idea in politics. Democrat or Republican, to be regular was to be right, and to be independent was to be a traitor. In an atmosphere like this Creel's idealism sloshed around like a pint of water in a gas tank. George, for the first time in his life, was largely and sanely serious, but to the Missourians nothing was ever funnier. He became the laughing stock of the town. Yet he held on, week after week hammering out his ideals, fighting every sham, assailing crookedness, wickedness, and graft wherever he found it.

Creel Invades Denver

AND he kept this up for ten years, every week of which was a tragedy of some sort. One time it would be to get the money to get his paper out; then he would corral some lucky bit of advertising which would seem to promise smooth sailing for a year; the week after perhaps he would come upon some sort of rottenness that needed to be exposed, only to observe that if he did his duty it would affect adversely some friend or interest of this latest advertiser. Tragedy again! With a rueful sigh, and sometimes no doubt a tear—for George was only a boy of twenty-two then, and his is a nature in which the period of adolescence has been greatly prolonged—he would look at the advertisement in his make-up, and at the galleys that stood like loaded guns ready to be fired at the breastwork of evil; but invariably he fired his gun, and generally he lost his advertising.

And then there were the disappointments and the ingrati- tudes, both public and personal. George was passionately devoted to his friends; they were gods who could do no wrong. And yet he was continually finding his confidence betrayed, himself blamed and in hot water, because he had trusted a man who proved unworthy. Then, too, he frequently got into controversies with the very elements in the community who should have been his backers. Often this was because of some Cervantean tilt at what he thought was hypocrisy in high places, or because of his supreme impatience that persons who meant as well as he did not see as clearly or observe the same wrongs.

But if at times he felt stung and sore, he never whimpered long and never sulked in his corner. When the next issue came on he was first in the fray.

After a while better times dawned, the Missouri

State machine began to wobble, Folk became Governor, Creel supporting him with great joy and satisfaction to himself, whether others were very much aware of it or not. Things grew steadily better. The initiative and referendum were gained for Missouri, and Hadley succeeded Folk. Other and more powerful champions of the causes he had espoused were in the field. Then, too, the period of greatest personal struggle was now over. Creel's debts were paid, his paper was making money, and he could pause to fan himself and receive some profit of his labors.

Instead Creel looked across at Denver—saw the fight on there between privilege and the people, about which everyone knows, and decided to get into the scrim-

write with the punch of a pugilist; the other was to know a crooked political layout when he saw one. The "Post" had the largest circulation of any paper between Kansas City and San Francisco. It was a great opportunity, and Creel's passionate, light-flashing editorials began immediately to illumine the political situation. The spring of 1910 saw a fight over the question of municipal ownership *versus* a franchise to the privately owned waterworks. Creel had a finger in it and municipal ownership won.

At the next session of the Legislature the initiative, the referendum, and a direct-primary law were demanded. The Lower House responded to the popular will, but the Senate, controlled by special privilege, was obstinate. Creel, through the columns of the "Post," went after recalcitrant Senators, concentrated his fire upon one after another, and publicly branded certain of them with the scarlet letter of political prostitution. In one of his editorials the champion of the people rather recklessly declared that these *scarlet-letter* Senators ought to be hanged.

Battling

ONE of the pilloried legislators sued the "Post" for \$100,000 damages. The suit was filed on Saturday, the trial began on Tuesday, and the verdict, favorable to the "Post" and Creel, was returned on Friday. During the trial the people of Denver got a glimpse of Creel in personal action on the witness stand. He proved an insuppressible witness, overanswering the questions and overflowing objections. His testimony was a mere succession of stump speeches. When the cross-examiner endeavored suavely to ridicule Creel by asking if he had not meant the expression about hanging the Senators in a purely figurative sense, he replied excitedly in a high voice that rang out to the auditors above every other sound in the court room: "No—the hemp! the hemp! the hemp!"

They tried to stop him, but he kept beating the arms of the witness chair and shouting dramatically: "The hemp! the hemp! the hemp!" The very extreme of his vehemence and the dauntless abandon with which he stood by his published utterance cowed his adversaries and gained the popular verdict, which was what he really cared for in every controversy.

After this verdict the Senate surrendered. After this, too, we begin to understand why some people never can feel drawn toward George Creel.

In November of the same year a county election came around. A citizens' ticket, backed by Lindsey and the good government forces generally, was in the field. Creel fought for this ticket with his editorial weapons until one week before the election, when the proprietors of the "Post" by a surprising switch withdrew their support. Creel immediately resigned and took the stump, but the ticket was beaten by a narrow margin.

Defeat and Self-Communion

CREEL was now unhorsed. He had continually spent every cent he made in behalf of the causes he was advocating, and in consequence was not only unemployed but without

funds. In nine short months he had made his mark upon the city of Denver; he had stained certain wrongs before the public eye beyond the ability of any cunning political trickster ever to whiten them again; he had illumined the sky with lights which would not fade and which showed which way the car of progress was to travel, but he had no job, no living. Every newspaper in the city was against him. Even his fellow craftsmen were against him. They held him guilty of treachery in deserting his paper in the midst of a campaign and shunned him like a pariah. Creel was completely mystified by such a charge. To him it was very clear that his (Continued on page 24)



Sunday Nights in Panama

SUNDAY nights in Panama
Underneath the tropic sky,
Nights without a single flaw
As the trade winds softly sigh,
And the crowds go drifting by,
Black and yellow, white and brown,
While the coaches swiftly ply
Through the quaint old Spanish town.

Where so many feet have trod
In the storied long ago,
Blithely strolls the promenade
Through the plazas, to and fro,
Girls in garb as white as snow,
Strutting dandies held in awe,
Worker, Idler, Maid, and Beau,
Sunday nights in Panama.

Shops with light are all ablaze,
And from galleries above
Women cast a languid gaze,
Lovers whisper words of love.
In its shelter sleeps the dove,
Drowsily the parrots caw;
Who could cease from dreaming of
Sunday nights in Panama?

From the band stand come the strains
Of some well-remembered air,
How the spell of it remains
With you always, everywhere!
Good it is to linger there,
Life seems quite without a flaw,
Fled are worry, fret and care,
Sunday nights in Panama.

Once you know the tropic snare
Ever tighter will it draw,
Sweet they are—but oh, beware—
Sunday nights in Panama!

BERTON BRALEY

mage. If he had been content to await a buyer he might have sold his paper for five or six thousand dollars; but he was not content. Instead he gave it away—called in two young ladies who were eager to become publishers, and gave it to them! Ten years from the time he came to Kansas City, almost to a day, Creel left it with fifty dollars in his pocket and went to Denver to become editorial writer on the "Post."

Denver, let it be explained, is the editorial writer's paradise, for in that city it is the fashion for him to sign his articles. He thus may become a power if he will and can. And Creel both would and could. Two things he had learned in Kansas City: one was to

The House of Devils



By
Katharine Baker

FROM among the royal palms, hibiscus flowers, and flaming cordia, gleams the wrecker's house at Barbados, a gloomy monument to a grisly trade. Then a young girl comes from the States and bears away a lover from the ruins.

GIGANTIC negroes shouted and balanced trunks above my head, dropping them down the ship's side into rowboats that bobbed below. Over the tumbled heaps of luggage that cumbered the narrow spar deck I climbed recklessly from peak to peak in the darkness, through the raging mob, searching for my belongings.

My boatman lighted matches and held them to the labels.

"This trunk? Yes, mistress, please. . . . Firefly!" His soft speech ended in a great startling roar. The boat came alongside. He lowered my trunk over the rail. I struggled to the gangway.

There stood the fourth officer, his boyish face severe with authority.

"Firefly, please," I begged.

"Firefly next," he decreed.

A sudden rush of negroes swept me down the ladder. The sea sucked away the boat. I slipped.

"Get back!" shouted the fourth officer furiously at the negroes.

A sure arm caught me and set me in the boat. A short, commonplace person in a shabby coat withdrew his competent support.

"Miss Johns, are you all right?" asked the harassed young officer at my side, and raced back to the head of the ladder.

"Miss Johns," deliberately repeated the man in the shabby coat. "Then I've found you."

HE STEPPED into the boat. We drew away from the tall, illuminated ship into the blackness of Carlisle Bay.

"A nice way to land passengers," sneered a stout traveler, wiping his red forehead with the back of his hand. And so I came to Barbados.

"I am the overseer's son," began the shabby young man presently. "I came on board when the *Manchester* anchored, and I've been searching for you. But in that pandemonium—" He lapsed from conversation. Small flying fish leaped about the boat, like humble little acrobats toiling for our pleasure. I leaned to watch them. "They're good to eat," remarked the overseer's son. "You'll have some for your breakfast. They're very cheap, too. Six pounds for a penny."

"Hateful pig!" I thought, and wanted to say it right out to him.

"One thing I'm bound to see in this island, if it's possible," observed the stout traveler presently to his companion. "They tell me it's the finest place of its kind in existence. One of the old great houses the sugar planters used to build. They're nearly all gone now. But this one isn't strictly a sugar confection. A wrecker built it. The old scoundrel used to tie lanterns to palms on the beach. Ships thought they saw the lights of a town. Steered for the harbor. Wrecked on a two-mile reef. He'd go out with his slaves and loot them. Nothing lost but lives. Nobody ever survived to tell the tale. They say when his niggers revolted he had their hands put between the rollers of his sugar mill." The traveler chuckled. "Regular pirate! But he spared no expense on his house. I'm going to see it, if I can get in. 'Baron's House,' they call it."

The overseer's son bent forward. "One is reluctant to impugn the scientific accuracy of these stirring tales," he interrupted suavely. "But experienced travelers like your-

selves will suspect that they are liberally designed and colored to lend romantic atmosphere. We must make our islands interesting."

"I haven't found anything in the islands to interest me," commented the tourist's companion, "except planter's punch and green swizzle."

"Ah! You are quite right," agreed the overseer's son. "To Northerners, accustomed to tafia, our genuine rum, made from the whole cane, is a revelation. Few outside the West Indies know what our native spirits can be. There is an old St. Croix rum that retails here at two dollars a bottle—"

They hung on his words. He discussed brands of rum all the way to the landing.

THE overseer's son dealt summarily with the customs. Outside the great shed, colored porters piled my luggage into the back of a light wagon. He took the driver's seat himself, sounded a mellow, lovely gong, and we whirled out across the careenage into the white coast road.

All Barbados to me seemed lanes and long walls and soft, sweet air, and negro voices thrilling through the dark.

We left the town behind. We passed rolling fields of cane and sugar mills with broad arms.

At the top of a hill the overseer's son stopped his horse and pointed with his whip.

"Away over there, beyond the lighthouse, is Baron's House," he said.

"Is it a bad coast?" I asked.

"The worst on the island."

"Was my great-great-grandfather really a wrecker?" I demanded.

"Scandalous gossip," replied the overseer's son, violently gathering up his reins. "You shouldn't pay any attention to such meddlesome cattle."

"Then how did he truly make his money?" I persisted.

He did not answer.

The horse's swift hoofs clattered over the coral rock. Presently the overseer's son spoke again.

"Oh, see here," he pleaded. "What's the use? If you're going to listen to negroes' lies. . . . I dare say your great-great-grandfather was a little queer. Most planters were a hundred years ago. It's a very dangerous coast. Your great-great-grandfather probably did make some salvage out of ships that ran ashore. Don't believe the rest."

IHAD been asleep. The stopping of the horse waked me. Hastily I straightened my head from where it lay on the shoulder of the overseer's son. I was annoyed and ashamed, but he paid no attention to me.

The façade of a vast house towered above us. A door opened. There stood a gaunt woman, holding a little kitchen lamp that cast its light down a flight of checkered marble steps. The steps were so magnificent, the lamp was so mean and sordid, the woman's face so old, so stern, and forbidding—a terror flashed over me like that I used to feel, when I was very tiny, at Doré's picture of the Ogre's wife in her dismal castle, lighting a welcome to Hop-o'-My-Thumb and his brothers.

But I was a young lady from boarding school, and this was my dear great-aunt.

I kissed her cheek. I might as well have kissed the marble steps, for all the response I got.

She led the way through high, carved, and pillared rooms, walled with gilded mirrors, but the gold had peeled and the quicksilver decayed, so that our figures were blotted out or faded to ghostliness, as we passed with our flickering, feeble lamp.

We climbed a carved mahogany staircase. We entered a little dressing room. My aunt set down her lamp, and through an open doorway we came to my

great-grandmother's room. There were no windows. A candle gave the only light. My great-grandmother lay in a large bed. Her eyes had gone back into black caverns. Her face was as yellow as wax. It had shrunk and narrowed so that her high features seemed like a mere profile set on edge among the pillows. From her mummy ears hung golden hoops. There she lay, forgotten by death, who had gone off, it seemed, leaving his work half finished.

She had no welcome for me.

"She never speaks or moves any more," explained my aunt.

I leaned to kiss that cadaverous countenance.

"Don't. You'll smother her," said my aunt graciously.

Morning was different, and I found Baron's House very beautiful by daylight. At ease in my wide bed with carved spindle posts, I watched the sun stream into my windowless room through the open doors.

For, in spite of the tropical climate, no bedroom in that house had a window. All around the outside ran a series of boudoirs and dressing rooms, and into them the bedrooms opened. Everything was old. My clothes hung on a curious, carved rack, waist high. My chaise longue was carved. Through the dressing-room doorway I saw a carved toilet table, with flaming cordia flowers on it.

Susy had put them there, and had picked up my scattered clothes and hung them on the rack. Now, in a stiff, white turban and gown, she brought my coffee. For there were servants in the quarters, I found, though none would stay in the house after dark.

I had my bath, and felt like Cleopatra stepping down into the huge tiled tub. Susy helped me to dress, and I stuck a spray of cordia in my hair.

My dressing room looked out on a broad lawn, with a strong stone wall around it, and a gate with a stone gate house like a fort.

BEYOND the lawn was pasture with cattle feeding, and beyond that royal palms along the beach, and behind their green heads the rainbow water of the reef. Were those the palms, waving like a lady's fan in the cheerful sunlight? I tried to fancy lanterns tied to those trees, sending lying messages to ships at sea. All that was certainly nonsense.

There were velvety, red hibiscus flowers on the breakfast table, and flying fish to eat; and I had to agree with the overseer's son that nothing could be so good. Unless it were the clear, red guava jelly.

But my aunt spoiled the breakfast. Black and grim, she sat it through without a word to me. She was a tall, powerful woman, with white hair rolled high above a fallow face. After breakfast she went upstairs and shut the slatted door of my grandmother's room behind her.

Thus dismissed or excluded, I wandered into the airy vestibule that ran around three sides of the house. Doors and long windows were open. I went down the marble steps at the side.

Close to the house was an iron cage with a little animal in it. It was a strange creature, as big as a small collie, very, very thin, with a ridiculously long tail that curved against its hollow ribs, and straightened sinuously, and curved again.

The beast turned incessantly in its narrow cage, looking at me with false, steady eyes, and its mournful mouth puffed at the corners.

"Tiger cat from Demerara, mistress, please," said Susy's deferential voice.

SHE emerged from a basement doorway under the marble steps, carrying a bucket and a wisp of straw. She knelt and began to scrub the steps, using the straw instead of a brush.

"Good morning," called the overseer's son, riding through the gate. He dismounted and came to me across the grass. "A margay," he said. "Don't get too near. They're altogether devilish."

"Why do we keep it?"

He reflected.

"Don't know, I'm sure. There's always been one ever since the house was built. When one dies, another's sent for. Maybe to intimidate the negroes a bit. Poor, lean, consumptive brute!"

Susy giggled unexpectedly.

"Once ol' mahster he put a black woman in the cat's cage. Yas, mistress, please," she remarked.

The overseer's son wheeled on her, scowling.



"Confound you, Susy," he threatened, "you tell one more such infernal story to Miss Johns and you'll go back to the fields."

A look of abject fear came into Susy's simple face. "Mahster, no, please!" she implored him. She got up hastily from her knees and seized her pall with incoherent apologies.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," the overseer's son reassured her. "But you must show better sense, Susy. It's all right, though. No one's going to get you."

Susy, weakly muttering with a stumbling tongue, backed away into the basement.

"Why is she so afraid of the fields?" I asked. "Is the work very hard? Or the pay very bad?"

"Hard work," he assented. "Twenty cents a day."

He looked after the retreating Susy, regret and pity in his face. "I oughtn't to have scared the poor thing. She's not quite all there, and she has a horror of the fields since—"

"Since what?" I pressed him.

"Since she lost her child last year."

"What happened to it?" I asked idly.

"Well, if you must know," he burst out in a kind of exasperation, "it was stolen from her while she was picking cotton and carried off to St. Lucia. Some—oh! business."

"Didn't she ever get it back?" I asked with interest.

He stared blankly at me.

"Why, no. Oh!" He kept on staring. After a moment he said appealingly: "You needn't get so white. You think we're all savages down here."

THE overseer's son came out of the Bridgetown post office with a handful of letters. I was waiting in the corridor by the stained-glass unlikeness of Francis Drake, Esq. The overseer's son was elated.

"By George!" he announced, "we're going to make that old plantation pay yet. I've clinched a contract here for the sugar, eleven shilling a hundred-weight, and unless there's an act of God it's not going to cost us a penny over five. It's been sold by commission men hitherto, but I've secured direct consignees."

"You're the most commercially minded person I ever saw," I commented. "Your conversation is all in pounds, shillings, and pence."

He flushed and frowned.

"I have to be," he defended himself. "It's uphill work to turn liabilities into assets without credit. Those six sordid shillings between the cost of production and the sale agreement are the price of Baron's House. They make it possible for the family to stay there. And let me tell you, five shillings is just about rock-bottom cost. Why, up in Louisiana it's more than three times as much. Five shillings means getting up early, and staying on the job, and some luck into the bargain."

"Was it more than five last year?" I asked.

"Father was running it last year," he waived my question.

"Where is your father?"

"Sick. Up in the States."

"When will he come back?"

"I'm afraid never. He had to get out of the tropics."

"What ails him?"

"Oh, confound it," he began with laughing vexation, "you're getting the worst impression of everything. He has elephantiasis. You'll think this place is accursed."

"I think it's the loveliest place in the world," I said honestly.

"It is," he agreed, almost with gratitude. "It is lovely."

He stopped for a moment, considering.

"And now," he added, "I must go to the Canadian Bank. They hold some of our paper. And I must see the shipping agents. Where shall I leave you? And where find you?"

That was how I came to be in the Self Help a little later, eating a soursop ice, and listening to conversation never meant for me.

IT was tourist day. A ship was in the harbor, and the Self Help was full of American women buying lace and beads and old china, eating ices, discussing the sights. A woman near me was turning over a box of colored views.

"Where is this beautiful place?" she asked. "How can I get there? I'd like to see it."

"That's Baron's House," answered the Self Help manager. "It's too far for you to go to, and they don't admit anybody. Yes, it's very picturesque. There

are dungeons and smugglers' caves under it. James Baron's daughter lives there with her daughter. They're queer people."

"I've heard of him—the wrecker," said the tourist.

"Yes. The daughter's extremely old, of course. An extraordinary character. The negroes used to whisper bloodcurdling tales about her. They said she even went wrecking once with her father. She was playing cards with him in the great drawing room when a ship struck on the reef. The overseer was ill, and she took command of his boat. She tore jewels from drowned men's bodies. She killed a man who tried to get into her boat. Of course they never allowed any survivors to escape."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the tourist. "What an awful woman!"

"She had a wicked father. Blood tells," declared the Self Help manager. I got up suddenly.

"Don't you like your ice?" inquired the Self Help manager, much concerned.

"It's too warm here," I apologized. "I'm not used to this climate."

Her kindly sympathy followed me to the door. Down the street came the overseer's son, driving his spirited horse. He sprang out. "Was the ice good?" he asked.



"They can't get back their money. Or their goods. Or their lives. They're dead. Dead at last." She stopped

The Self Help manager stared from him to me. Red embarrassment flooded her face.

"I almost forgot about luncheon," said the overseer's son. "Would you like to try the Ice House? Or shall we drive out to the Marine, or the Savannah Club?"

So he imagined I would lunch with an overseer!

"I'm not hungry," I answered.

It seemed to me he cast a disappointed glance down at his shining white linen suit, at the shining wagon and the shining horse. But he said nothing more.

After a while we passed the Savannah, where a game of polo was beginning.

"Are you a member of the Savannah Club?" I asked.

"Why not?" he demanded quietly.

I had not meant to show astonishment.

"Yes," he added with unruffled good humor, "I have wasted my time like a planter's son. They asked me to join, in spite of my father's being an overseer, be-

cause I went to an American college. Now, of course, except in name, I'm an overseer myself."

"Why do you do it?" I flung at him.

"We need the money," he asserted. "Father's helpless. And I'm interested. There's no better opening for improved methods—for inventions."

"But it isn't good enough for you," I declared.

"Oh, yes, it is," he contradicted me. "It's a decided rise in the world for us. You are assigning us a fictitious value. My people are poor whites."

QUITE unconsciously I drew away from him a little. He smiled.

"Poor whites," he reiterated. "Pariahs. Slaves. Very shocking. Though not contagious." Guiltily I came nearer again. "Dull English farmers they were," he continued, "that fought for Monmouth, and lost, and were made prisoners. Men of Taunton that aristocratic Maids of Honor sold into slavery in Barbados over two hundred years ago. You will learn how my people live. You will see their hovels, and their hopeless women, and their anemic, rachitic children, and you'll wonder where my poor old father ever got the ambition that made an overseer of him and a college graduate of me."

We were silent for a while.

At last he brought the horse to a standstill, where the white road ran down into a valley, with little, wretched huts. Below us were fields of brown cotton bushes. Beside us stretched the blue-green cane.

"It's almost ready for cutting," he said. "And there lies the problem. If we only needn't cut it by hand. I'm working on a machine. They say it can't be done. But I don't know. And I have good hopes of the cotton. There's none better in the world. It's miraculous. The finest long-staple Sea Island, and it grows to perfection. Barbados muslin is like a cobweb. It's a new venture—I beg your pardon, you aren't interested in commerce." He stretched out an arm. "You see those huts? The poor whites live there."

He drove on again. I chose another subject.

"This is a very fast horse."

"Good dogs chase by race," he replied. "When I needed a horse, I bought the best American stock." I glanced involuntarily at his coarse straw hat. "Yes, I know," he answered my look, "but a horse isn't an extravagance. It's a necessity. A jipiapa hat keeps off as much sun as the finest Panama from Ecuador. But the family horses could never get you to Bridgetown."

THERE was a cane chaise longue in my grandmother's room. Du Barry herself might have reposed in its fragile strength. I drew it close to the bed and threw myself upon it.

Outside, the trade wind roared and shook the windows. The candle flickered. My grandmother lay motionless, blindly staring, like an effigy on a tomb.

Shadows climbed the walls and crept in through the doors. The night dragged.

After a while I slept uneasily.

I woke with a start. A bony hand grasped my arm as firmly as cogged wheels engage. My grandmother spoke in a strained, tearing whisper.

"Listen," she gasped. "They're fingering at the windows. They want to get in. But my father was too clever for them."

He built the bedrooms all inside. All inside. They can't get back their money. Or their goods. Or their lives." A spasm crossed her face. "They're dead. Dead at last." She stopped. The wind rustled the blinds furiously. So poor, death-stricken hands might grope. "I beat him off with an oar," she began again, whispering confidentially. "He wasn't quite drowned. I was taking his earrings. He slashed my wrist with his knife. The negroes finished him. A very handsome, fair fellow. I liked him. My satin slippers were bloody."

She clung painfully to my arm. Across the withered skin of her fleshless wrist ran a long scar. I felt a cold perspiration.

My grandmother had not moved her head. Now she turned her cavernous eyes to me. The gold hoops in her ears caught the candlelight.

"Are those his earrings, grandmother?" I asked, horribly fascinated.

SHE stiffened. Her eyes blazed profound astonishment. "Who are you?" she cried.

Her voice was hoarse and distinct. She sat up. My aunt came running, a malignant vision.

"What have you done?" she attacked me. "You could not watch with her one

(Continued on page 22)

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Fourth of July passed without serious debate on the tariff having even begun in the Senate. If the past is any criterion, this means that the tariff bill will not be a law before the latter part of October. The delay is chargeable chiefly to the fact that the Senate has been diverted to investigating itself and the lobby. When President Wilson alluded publicly to the lobby, his real notion was to save time by getting the lobbyists out of Washington. He wanted Senators and Congressmen saved from the annoyance of their harassing persistence, so that men in official life could go about the public business. Instead of having this effect, President Wilson's public allusion to the lobby started quite a different course of events. The Senate, in the hope of putting the President in a hole and of proving that there really isn't any lobby—nothing but legitimate business men on legitimate business errands—started an investigation of the President's charge. Of course the Senate did not anticipate the wide scope which the investigation has taken and the meticulous but highly interesting details it has unearthed. It is all very interesting, and probably ultimately for the public good, but it delays work on a bill which is of extreme importance to business men. However, the complete justification of his charges which President Wilson has received will give him the confidence of the public in even greater degree, and will provide him with such an increase of prestige as will enable him to drive the Senate harder to early action, not only on the tariff bill, but in other matters.

Of Historic Interest Only

IF, in the constantly widening circles of the lobby investigation, his name has not been reached between the writing and the printing of this paragraph, there is still one man who, if he should tell under oath all he knows, would contribute something not so sensational as the racy narrative of Colonel Mulhall, but nevertheless entertaining in its light on the activities of special interests during the past twenty years. However, anything that may be unearthed from now on will have nothing but historic interest. The Government at Washington as it exists to-day is purged. But it is also true that many of the old war horses of the Republican party still live and still entertain ambitions to return to public office—Jim Watson of Indiana, for example. The revelations of the lobby investigation will be useful to have on hand against the time when these men may attempt to return to power—or to rejuvenate the Republican party. Even twenty years after the Gorman tariff scandal, one of the chief actors in it, ex-Senator James Smith of New Jersey, still tries to hold on to local political power.

The Present Régime

THERE is to-day in Washington, with President Wilson in the White House and the Democratic party in control of both the Senate and House, such

a condition as reformers for many years have dreamed of and fought for. The progressive element is completely and securely in the saddle. The Democrats may make mistakes of judgment; they may take action along the lines of principles which are fundamentally ill adapted to progress. When they come to dealing with the regulation of business they probably will make this sort of mistake, for they will be pioneering in a new field. Also, here and there in the Democratic régime are spots of decidedly low efficiency. But there is nothing in Washington which corresponds with the situation when Uncle Joe was in power and Jim Watson was his right hand. The cleaning out that reformers have dreamed of is complete.

Comfort to Standpatters

THE one disturbing aspect of the delay about the tariff bill is reflected in this paragraph from a speech made in the Senate by Penrose of Pennsylvania:

According to current rumor—I know that rumors, as a rule, ought not to have much importance attached to them—a very receptive mood is supposed to exist on the part of these subcommittees toward raising certain duties on protective lines. I think the Senator overrates the stern way in which the subcommittees are guarding the consumer. I do not know whether he is fully aware of all that is going on in the inner circles. It is currently said that we are to have a repetition of the performances of Senator Gorman in this body in connection with the Wilson-Gorman bill. I do not know whether it is true or not.

Every beneficiary of the high tariff, every person who hopes the Democratic program of tariff revision will fail, thinks that delay is on his side.

The Louisiana Republicans

THE facts seem to show that there are a good many people in Louisiana who don't approve of Senator Ransdell and Senator Thornton joining the Republicans in opposition to the Wilson-Underwood Tariff Bill. This paragraph concerning the two Senators occurred in an address delivered by Robert Roberts of Minden, La., a member of the Louisiana Legislature and president of the Louisiana Press Association, at the opening ceremonies of the Louisiana State Chautauqua:

When they announce that they are ready to wreck the Democratic program, and destroy the integrity of the Democratic party, unless the demands of the sugar producers are complied with, I, for one, propose to exercise my rights as an American citizen and as a consistent Democrat, according to the teachings of our fathers, by protesting as vehemently as I know how. I grant you that some hundreds of sugar planters and some thousands of Louisiana citizens who are in various ways allied with the sugar interests may suffer financial loss as the result of free sugar, but has it ever occurred to you that while there are some thousands of Louisianians who are benefited by a tariff on sugar, there are at the same time hundreds of thousands of people, even here in Louisiana, who would be benefited by free sugar, but who are not benefited by the protection of sugar?

It's probably the old story of Aldrich and Rhode Island repeated in a Southern State; Thornton and Ransdell are repre-

senting, not the people of Louisiana, but a small group of highly protected rich men locked together in a freemasonry of banks, politics, and big business.

One Cheerful Spot

THIS example is unique. The rule is for manufacturers, when asked about tariff reduction, to shout calamity. The New York "Sun" printed a symposium of views. This one came from an important house:

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, whose works are at Stamford, Conn., and whose general offices are at 9 East Fortieth Street, New York City, has followed closely the discussion of the tariff question and has studied carefully the pending proposed new tariff as affecting the products in which the company is interested, namely, locks of all kinds, builders' hardware and chain blocks.

The conclusions thus reached by its managers are that while they would have preferred a somewhat less severe reduction than 44 per cent (from 45 per cent to 25 per cent ad valorem) and to have had the reduction take place gradually, say in two or three instalments, they are not alarmed and are ready to give the new rates a fair trial. If they prove not to be injurious all concerned will be content. If experience shows them to be seriously injurious it may fairly be assumed that Congress will correct the error within a reasonable time and before any permanent damage has been inflicted. Until the new rates have fairly been tested no one can know whether their ultimate effect will be harmful or beneficial. The company has long believed that the present rates are needlessly high and has favored their reasonable reduction on the ground that excessive rates tend to retard the development of business, especially in the export field.

If the persons whose business is affected by tariff reduction were uniformly as reasonable and tolerant as this, their views would be more impressive and have more weight in Washington. Most of the persons who come before Senate or House committees to advocate tariff reduction have the point of view of a police-court lawyer.

Misleading

THE "Daily Leader," published in Milwaukee, Wis., one of the two or three important Socialist papers, is edited by the only Socialist ex-Congressman, Victor Berger. In the news columns of that paper the Union Pacific-David Lamar scandal was introduced by these headlines:

TRICKERY OF BIG BUSINESS BARED BY CONGRESSMAN

STORY TOLD BEFORE LOBBY HUNTERS SHOWS HOW FINANCIERS TRIED TO HEAD OFF INVESTIGATIONS AND LEGISLATION

What really happened in that affair was this: A thoroughly disreputable and unimportant man called up certain financiers on the phone and falsely told these financiers that his name was Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania. In this impersonated character he held out to the bankers the idea that Congress could be "fixed." In this there was nothing whatever of the slightest discredit to Congress or the slightest discredit to big business. Editor Berger's headlines are as misleading as words can be made to be. If the Socialist party is to get on in the United States it rests under an especially serious obligation to be accurate.

Gettysburg's Peace Celebration Reported by a War Photographer—



Back again
after fifty
years



The official uniform of the "United U. S. Veterans" is either blue or gray



Governor
Mann of Vir-
ginia greets
a comrade



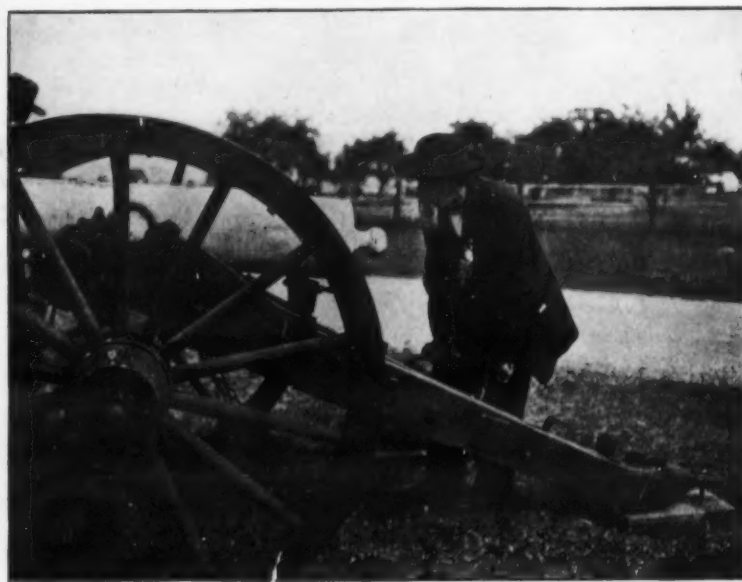
The exercises in the big canvas auditorium were not so important, after all, as the little reunions of blue and gray celebrated in the tent city's streets



Old campaigners taking their dinner in true campaign fashion



Refuge in the shade. Though the heat was intense and there were many prostrations, the surgeons were amazed at how well the veterans endured it



An old-time gunner and an old-time gun. The guns brought back the memories of the conflict more vividly than the most artistic of Gettysburg's many monuments

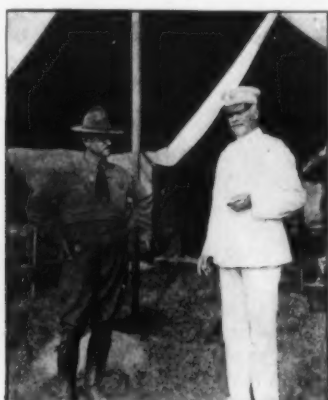
—James H. Hare's Snapshots of the Nation's Greatest Reunion of Veterans



The hour of wistful memories. A group of veterans around a camp fire on the old battle ground. The upper picture is a view of some of the 5,000 tents of the encampment—a canvas city remarkable for its efficiency and sanitation. The attendance at the reunion was estimated as somewhere between 50,000 and 55,000



Under two flags. A line of veterans of the gray on Seminary Ridge saluting the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars



Quartermaster Normoyle (left), and Brig. General Liggett, Commandant



In the tent auditorium, which had a seating capacity of 15,000, there were many notable addresses. President Wilson was chief speaker on the Fourth of July



Except that its walls were canvas, the camp was a thoroughly modern city—even to street signs and mail boxes



Editorial Comment

V. V. Again

THAT EDITORIAL of ours on Dr. VIVIAN, slum doctor, and Miss CARLISLE HETH, "the lovely Hun," has drawn out expressions of opinion from readers of the novel. One of them ventures the prophecy that the author of "Queed" and "V. V.'s Eyes" will prove to be "the coming American novelist." The case of this young author ought, he thinks, to prove inspiring to other aspirants who have some measure of self-confidence. HENRY SYDOR HARRISON resigned a steady newspaper job to write the story which he called "Queed." Several distinguished publishers (who are still at large) declined it, with or without thanks. But the publisher who knew good work when he saw it was in time discovered, and "Queed" became a best seller, not because it was so bad, but because it was so good. Yes, this does happen sometimes. "V. V.'s Eyes" seems to us a better story than "Queed"—but to one of our correspondents it appears:

A less skillful piece of work by a finer, bigger man than the author of "Queed." There is a little less of the fresh, quaint charm which distinguished the earlier work, but there is a far profounder sense of human values, of fundamental realities, of the pulsating interrelations of our complex American life. Also, the tale exhibits the distinct and almost unique quality of HARRISON: the power to make his characters glow from within.

There will be other stories from Mr. HARRISON's pen. Perhaps one of them will be the long-sought great American novel. Perhaps not. But to us, if we may lapse into the expressive language of the sporting page, Mr. HARRISON seems, on past performance, the White Hope of our national fiction.

"Or Vegetable"

MUCH HARM may inhere in brief legislative verbiage. By the projected elision of the two words which form the title of this paragraph, an attempt was recently made to destroy the potency of the national Pure Food Law. This subversive essay was presented before Congress as "H. R. 3899," and proposed that a certain paragraph of the present law "be and the same is hereby amended by striking out the words 'or vegetable.'" Now the paragraph thus attacked provides that a food shall be deemed adulterated "if it consists in whole or in part of a filthy, decomposed, or putrid animal or vegetable substance," the italics being our own. Hence the striking out of the words "or vegetable" would at once exempt from the penalty of the law and thus throw the traffic of the nation open to the filthy, decomposed, or putrid fruits, berries, pickles, preserves, and canned or prepared vegetables of the crooked canners and others without restriction. The author of this delectable and appetizing amendment is Representative W. J. CARY of Wisconsin. He did it "by request." Whose request? Repeated attempts to elicit this information from Mr. CARY have failed. Locked in his faithful and innocent bosom he preserves (as it were in benzoate of soda) the secret identity of the requester. The term "innocent" is also, in a sense, used "by request," for Mr. CARY would have one infer that he did not appreciate the purport of his bill. When his attention was directed to its potential effect he guilelessly responded: "I do not wish to father a bill if it does what you say, and therefore will let it die." So this particular attempt proves abortive. But it behooves the public, which must eat to live, to keep a wary eye on CARY and his species of amenders. A less innocent and confiding person would perhaps better represent, "by request," the enlightened State of Wisconsin.

Economizing Life

POLYSYLLABIC SUBJECTS were the invariable order a few years back in medical discussions. How great a change has come over the professional spirit of the doctors is suggested by the favor with which two presentations, both monosyllabic as to subject, and neither medical in the technical sense, were received at the recent convention of the American Medical Association at Minneapolis. One was a paper on ice; the other a series of charts on milk; both the work of Dr. J. R. WILLIAMS of Rochester, N. Y. If any meaning is left to the overworked word "sensational," that term may surely be applied, in no malign sense, to Dr. WILLIAMS's statement, backed up by proof, that the average refrigerator is only 30 per cent efficient; that 70 per cent of the ice power is used up in overcoming heat which percolates in from without. Wasted ice in a hot spell means not only

wasted food but often wasted lives from spoiled food. The vitally important point brought out by the milk charts had to do with the simple matter of wagon routes. Both graphically and by carefully collated figures, Dr. WILLIAMS showed that in Rochester, whose system is that of practically all American cities, there is a tremendous economic waste in milk delivery; that in one section of the city a large number of delivery wagons covered nearly forty miles to distribute a supply which could have been distributed by the concentrated effort of a single concern in three and a half miles of travel. At first sight this may seem to be a nonmedical matter. But the possible saving in labor would mean a decrease of 2 cents per quart in the price of milk. That is often the margin between good milk and bad milk. And the margin between good milk and bad milk is the margin between life and death to thousands of children in this country every summer. Evidently the doctor of the future, to whom the public must look for health protection, will be, besides many other things, a practical economist.

Suffrage Heroes

TEN YEARS AGO believers in votes for women were accounted freaks. They were the proverbial "short-haired women and long-haired men." When male suffragists marched up Fifth Avenue in the first suffrage parade, bright young men asked them: Who would cook dinner to-night? To-day, so far have conditions changed, it takes a confidence in one's convictions almost approaching courage not to be a suffragist.

Irony

FRANÇOIS RENÉ DE CHATEAUBRIAND was only one of the distinguished Frenchmen whom the great revolution sent scampering into England and reduced to teaching school. And, as a matter of fact, he distinguished himself after, and not before, his English exile. That revolutions in states do still produce revolutions in private fortunes, one is reminded in reading the cable dispatches. Here is an advertisement reproduced from the "Minerva" of Bucharest:

MAHMET KEMEL Bey, late chief of the General Staff of the Ottoman Imperial navy, gives English lessons at a moderate fee.

POOR MAHMET! Departed are his days of gold lace and houris, and in the personal column lies his one hope of paying for coffee and cubebs. But he has his life at least, and is thus far more happy than some of the more prominent tragi-comedians of the Turkish revolution—NAZIM Pasha and SHEVKET Pasha, for instance.

On Breaking into Collier's

EDITORS SOMETIMES WONDER why an offer of special prizes for stories draws manuscripts from a vast number of persons who have never written professionally, persons who indeed often show unfamiliarity with the pen as an instrument of any kind of communication. Various letters received at this office on the subject of our Prize Contest throw light on this point. It is the anonymity of all the contestants, the chance for all the writers concerned to make an equal start, as it were, on the crack of the pistol, that raises hope in those who think there is no hope for their unknown names on ordinary occasions. One correspondent goes so far as to urge anonymity of residence. He suggests that the postmarks on all the envelopes received be obliterated, so that writers resident in such literary centers as Boston, New York, and Indianapolis may enjoy no handicap at the expense of story-tellers hailing from Kokomo, Red Oak, and Bellows Falls. This is madness. Editors may be silly, but if they were so silly as our correspondent imagines they could not keep their magazines off the rocks a year's time. We recognize in this office and are on guard against influences that tend to bring certain groups of writers and certain kinds of stories into undue prominence—influences that are born behind the scenes and do not come from the public. We think some editors succumb unduly to such tendencies to get in a groove. Yet a study of the current magazines will at any time reveal the names of a large proportion of newcomers. We in COLLIER's office are continually on guard against the dry rot of "professionalism," striving to please, not primarily the literati, but intelligent folk—folk too intelligent to be treated with names alone, and more appreciative of a good "first story" than an inferior story signed by a well-known name. COLLIER's has published a number of "first stories" lately, among them

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MISS SAWYER'S "Paddy the Gander," MR. WHITFIELD'S "Taking Life," MRS. DAVIS'S "Geraldine's Education," and "A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet," by HERBERT TEST (which appears in this issue). Two others—"The Angel," by R. N. WALL, and "Helen Duffy of Troy," by EDMOND McKENNA—are to appear soon. Probably within a month or two we have published or bought still others without knowing it, their authors not happening to give us the information, and no one in this office knowing anything about it one way or the other.

An Evil in the Federal Courts

THE RESIGNATION of United States District Attorney McNAB of the Northern District of California has called attention to an evil of long standing in the Department of Justice. The Attorney General of the United States has general supervisory jurisdiction and control over the different United States district attorneys. This control does not contemplate interference with the indictments of grand juries or the verdicts of petty juries, except in rare instances and under extraordinary circumstances which may warrant such interference. The Federal judges and the district attorneys should be free from the constant interference of the Department of Justice. Perhaps, if the evil had not grown to such magnitude and had not been made the excuse for some gross favoritisms and miscarriages of justice in recent years, Mr. McNAB's sensational resignation might not have echoed so loudly throughout the nation.

Municipal Employees

NEW YORK'S insularity is finely shown in the orders issued in several departments that employees must reside within the limits of New York County or forfeit their offices. In the same narrow spirit the Philadelphia "Telegraph" reports carping criticism in certain quarters because Mayor BLANKENBURG, who was elected on a platform pledging him to administer the city as he would administer a business enterprise, has given important appointments in the Bureau of Gas, Water, Highways, and Public Works to men born in Boston, New York, and Atlantic City, instead of reserving them all for Philadelphians. It is a silly criticism. Mayor BLANKENBURG is fortunately not a man to be easily discouraged, and may be counted on to continue choosing municipal employees very much as he used to choose employees in his own private business—for efficiency.

Honor in Print

ADD ONE MORE to the honor list of newspapers that close their columns to advertising swindles. Following the lead of the Minneapolis "Journal," the Wichita (Kans.) "Beacon" comes out with a straightforward confession of past sins and promise of immediate reform. Its publisher, Mr. HENRY J. ALLEN, declares flatly against the proposition that advertising space is merely merchandise to be sold to honest and dishonest advertisers alike, without moral responsibility on the part of the publication; a theory invented, we understand, by BEELZEBUB, the patron devil of frauds:

The "Beacon" is going to make an effort hereafter to be responsible for the character of advertising which appears in its columns [runs the editorial announcement]. The paper will endeavor to educate the public to believe that what it sees in the news columns and in the advertising columns is alike worthy of serious attention as truthful statements.

A sound single standard of journalistic morals. Both reader and advertiser will profit by it; the former immediately, the latter eventually. Meantime the sturdy Kansas daily turns its back on more than

\$10,000 a year of "easy money" by announcing specifically the exclusion of the advertisements of clairvoyants, fortune tellers, soothsayers, hypnotists, psychics, magnetic healers, quack medical practitioners of every variety, and fake sales of all kinds. There is a useful roster for any publisher, to be kept on file as an index expurgatorius.

The Breakdown

ONCE THE VIRTUE of women was safeguarded by three great controls. These were the religious control, the family control, and the control by public opinion in a watchful community. In the earlier times the evening hours of the girl were watched over. When she went out it was to a friend's house with an older woman within call. When she made an outing, a picnic, a dance, a theatre party, it was with

a group of young persons, all of them known to each other. And all the group were personally known to the community in which they did their merrymaking, so that a social control wrapped round each one of them. No hour of recreation but was passed within hail of older, friendly persons. That was the life of the girl in the American community in earlier days. And now in the large cities comes a sudden removal of almost all observation from the girl's daily life. Her evenings are her own, as never before in history. She is free to go out among strangers, to be introduced by a stranger to a stranger, and so passed along to whatever unknown predatory male deems it worth his while to reach out for her. She is free to wander into the public dance halls, which are the chief form of recreation in the cities, and spend five hours in dancing with strangers till excitement, and possibly also wine, have weakened her will. And among those crowds of pleasure seekers not one person cares whether she emerges innocent or tainted. And all that night life is surrounded by the vast secrecy of the city. Of the home restraint we have the testimony of many girls that they have grown weary. Parents state that the girl is "wild" and cannot be controlled. The girl tells how, being tired of the home, she came to the town and boarded. In the anxious, toil-worn life of the family, her

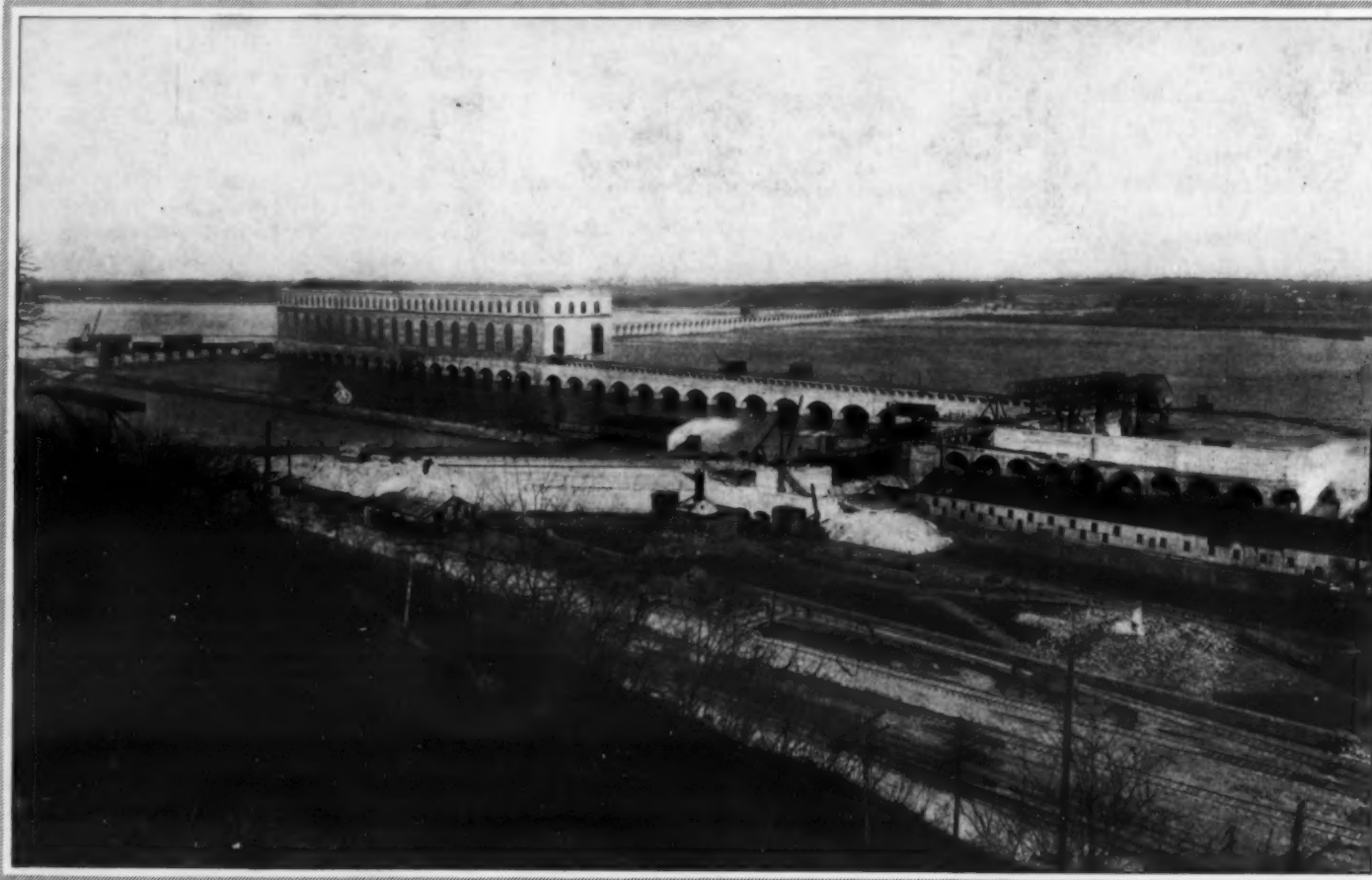


The Movies in Hades. No. 2

situation is not searched and analyzed. Families are absorbed in the struggle for existence. The father's wages have not kept pace with the steady increases in the cost of living, but his family is larger every little while, more costly, more of a burden to his perplexed mind and aging body. The mother is spent with childbearing and the constant fret of the meal getting and the younger children under foot. Often this situation is still further intensified by outside work added to the day's duties—work of washing clothes or floor scrubbing in an office building. She is troubled and overwhelmed by the insistent duties lying straight ahead of her, and she has no strength with which to cope with the more hidden problems of the daughter's life. Those subtler matters are never voluntarily set before her to solve, because the girl is reticent of her perplexities.

Summer Gladness

NOW IS THE SEASON when men make for the ocean to lave them of their sins and cares. There is freedom in a beach day full of sunshine and overhung by skies of a hard and brilliant blue. The heat and wilt of frenzied streets are forgotten and far away. Coolness walks up from the wide fields of salt. It is good to sit and watch the dancing of those waters and the sparkle of light on each tumbling wave peak. It is better yet to roll and swing in the tides, to glide with a free over-arm down the path of the waves, cleaving the water with slow, even stroke.



The Mississippi Goes to Work for a Corporation

TO ROPE, throw, and harness the Mississippi, to drive the Father of Waters through a corral and set it at work in a treadmill for power, is a feat worthy of the Government that is building the Panama Canal. But the gigantic chunk of concrete that now dams the Mississippi from Keokuk, Iowa, to Hamilton, Ill.—a solid prism 9-10ths of a mile long, 53 feet high, 42 feet at its base, and 29 feet at the top—was not built by the Government but by a private syndicate. Matching big risks against the chance for big profits, the Mississippi River Power Company pitted the skill of American engineers against the force of floods, ice, and winds, and won. For the use of the power of the country's greatest river the company makes the Government a present of a canal lock and a huge dry dock—costly presents both, but poor things to exchange for so valuable a franchise. Already the dam and the power plant are beginning to pay back the \$27,000,000 invested to build them. Keokuk, Hamilton, and Warsaw were the first cities to be supplied by the new system's power; and St. Louis, 143 miles away, was added to the list of customers this month by a high-voltage transmission line through which 60,000 horsepower will flow. For ninety-nine years the Mississippi River will turn giant turbines in the plant at the foot of the Des Moines Rapids for the profit of private capital.

The Keokuk dam, power house, lock, dry dock, sea wall, and ice fender (parts of all of which appear in the general view at the top of the page) make an unbroken concrete monolith with a length of 2½ miles—the longest

in the world. The concrete is not reinforced as in a modern office building, but is practically poured in one mold. The whole structure is anchored 5 feet deep in the blue limestone of the river bottom.

One effect of the dam is to deepen the Mississippi for 65 miles upstream. Three locks and a Government canal through which river boats used to pass are no longer required, and are drowned under the new water level. A new lock at Keokuk, shown in the illustration at the foot of this page, has the same width (110 feet) as the largest locks of Panama, and has a lift of 40 feet, where the greatest lift of the Isthmus locks is 32 feet. The gates, weighing nearly 1,000,000 pounds, may be opened and shut with little more effort than is required to open your front door. Pumping water into the buoyancy chambers of the upper gates causes them to sink low enough to permit

the passage of steamers. The lower gates turn upon a pivot of bronze and steel in the shape of a hemisphere.

Not the least remarkable feature in connection with the project is the accuracy with which time was computed. Hugh L. Cooper, chief engineer, had to combine a dozen different industries into one in the construction of the plant. He spent \$1,000,000 for the construction machinery alone. He built 15 miles of standard gauge railroad to carry supplies; he laid nearly 50 miles of pipe-line, and he manufactured his own concrete, making the river bottom yield the sand and the quarries on the railroad line the rock that went into the mixture. Before actual work on the dam could be commenced, the river had to be unwatered. This was accomplished by the use of cofferdams. The cofferdams were really cribs of rock and clay that were made to fit the river bottom.

The first cribs were built in the dead of winter and had to be lowered into place through holes in the ice. After this they were joined together. After the river was turned aside, the building of the concrete dam began in January, 1911. In spite of formidable obstacles, it has progressed on schedule, almost to the day. The chief engineer proved his own confidence in the project by investing in it all of his own fortune of \$150,000. In his honor the War Department recently named the lake that is formed by the dam "Lake Cooper."

Quincy, Dallas City, and Alton, Ill., and Fort Madison and Burlington, Iowa, are the latest names on the list of cities to which transmission lines extend.



Larger than the Locks of Panama—This lock through which Mississippi River boats pass the new dam across the river at Keokuk is the same width as the isthmus locks but has 8 feet more lift

A Circus Party to 2,800 Boys and Girls



The host and hostess

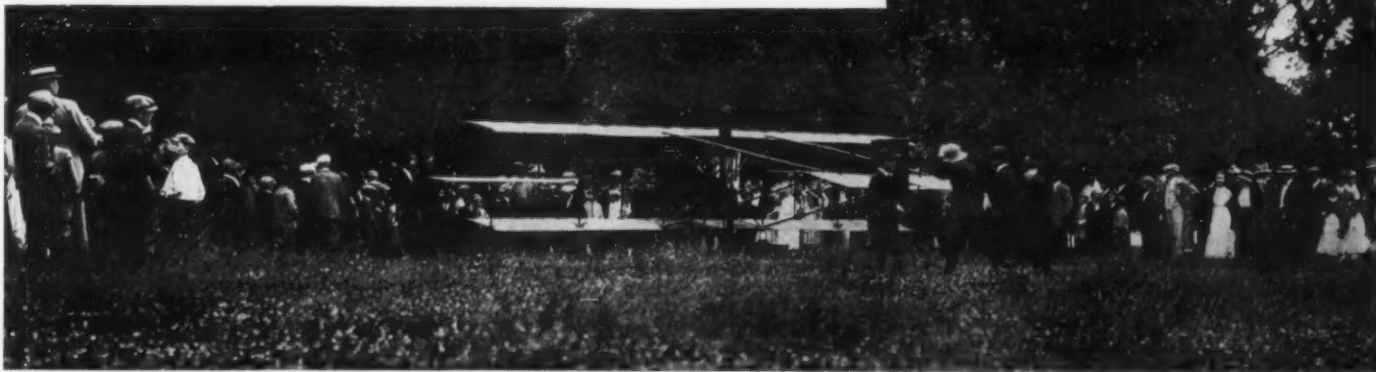
THE bitter disappointment of a boy of sixteen at being so poor that he couldn't even buy a circus ticket made Edward Tilden vow, as he was leaving Delavan, Wis., for Chicago thirty-two years ago, that some day he would return to the old town and treat all its children to a mammoth free show. In lavish style, Mr. Tilden (now president of a Chicago packing company) kept his promise the other day. "All the kids within walking or riding distance" of Delavan were invited to a \$7,000 entertainment; and 2,800 guests enjoyed a dog and pony show, an exhibition aeroplane flight, a vaudeville entertainment, a "brass band," athletic contests, a Punch and Judy show, motor-car "joy rides," and unlimited "eats" and lemonade.



The time-honored sack race for boys was not overlooked in the excitement



The girls ran in a potato race



One of the features of the day was an exhibition aeroplane flight. The elders were kept in the background, for the real guests were the children

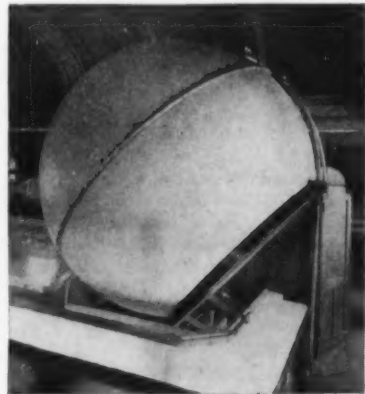
A Chicago Joshua Invents a Sheet-Iron Solar System



Tracing a constellation. Professor Atwood's pointer is long enough to reach the stars

LIKE another Joshua, Professor Wallace W. Atwood knows how to set the brakes on the solar system. First, he requests spectators to step inside of a sheet-iron globe which has just been placed on exhibition in the Museum of the Academy of Sciences in Lincoln Park. Then

he shuts the door and it's pitchy night. He clicks an electric switch and 692 stars begin to twinkle. After a time the moon crosses the horizon and sets; then the sun rises while the stars disappear before its radiance. The globe is 15 feet in diameter and cost \$10,000. Its weight, exclusive of the platform, is 500 pounds. The globe is a gift from La Verne W. Noyes.



The entrance is the door at the right

The Left-Behind

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

JERRY SHANWAY was only a number and his home a cell. But in such a way does Mr. Cooper present his story, that his life and his sorrow and his frailty are brought poignantly near to us.

WHERE the one strip of sunlight shone brightest in the chaplain's office sat Jerry Shanway—Smiling Jerry, as Mr. Trevitt had named him. Before him was a large tray, filled with glittering wires and bright little stones, which all day long he converted into trinkets and brooches, that those who came to the prison might see and buy. Jerry was singing a little—even a man who has ten years still before him can be bright and cheerful. Jerry hardly ever was otherwise.

There came the sound of steps from without and Jerry turned his grizzled, kindly old face to look into the eyes of a rather young woman who had preceded the guard a few steps. She halted at Jerry's smile, and spoke to the guard. He grinned.

"He's Jerry," was the answer. "Got some funny idea about a home for somebody or something of the kind. The chaplain's taken a notion to him and brought him up here. They've got some kind of a scheme on."

THE woman—she seemed rather girlish, with her straying hair and bright, cheerful eyes, yet thoroughly a woman—stepped closer and bent to examine the contents of Jerry's tray. The smiling one leaned back and allowed his hands to go to his knees.

"Visitin'?" he asked cheerfully. The woman nodded pleasantly.

"Yes. Are these souvenirs of the prison?" Instantly Jerry was leaning forward with an eager interest in his eyes.

"They are and they ain't," he explained with a little laugh. "You see, it's a little scheme of mine. I'm up for horse stealin'," he interjected as though the visitor should know. She nodded slightly and picked up a small pin to examine it. Jerry went on. "I've been up most all my life—ever since I got grown. I guess I'm the black sheep of the family," he added, and there was a silence.

"But you said something about the souvenirs?" The visitor of the pretty eyes and chestnut hair was bending over the tray a bit more now, examining the works of Jerry's handi-craft.

"Yes," came the answer, "you see, Mr. Trevitt—he's our chaplain—and I are working out a little something. What we want to do," he added with a new eagerness in his tone, "is to start a home for the left-behinds, the people that really suffer when a man gets sent up. You see, for a lot of us, it's a big sight better that we're sent here. We don't ever have to worry about food or clothing or a roof to cover us. Some of us are really better off. Take me, for instance; I'm happy here, in a way. I know I've got to be good. I can't be that way outside. I've been just naturally bad ever since I grew up and started playing football. Sounds funny, don't it?" he asked with a little laugh. "But, you see, what did it was this: I was workin' at the time and I got hurt. Got kicked in the head and was laid out. 'Course I lost my job and couldn't find another one. So one night I stole something—well, it just seems I just can't keep my hands off of other people's stuff." The smile had become wan. The little woman drew up a chair and seated herself, while the guard at the door yawned.

"And so—" she prompted.

"Well," and Jerry laughed, "I've been sent up so much I've just got to be sort of home folks here. I was thinking about it lately and I got this idea. It's pretty hard to be a convict—for the ordinary fellow"—his face grew serious—"but that ain't near as bad as bein' the wife or children of one, out in the world with nobody to help them. Ever think about that?"



"I ain't never seen her." There was suppressed pathos in the voice. "You see, I got sent up before—"

he asked suddenly. "I have—lots. And so Mr. Trevitt and I want to start a home—just a little place at first—where folks that have been left behind can be taken care of. I've got the name all thought up," he continued while his face beamed. "We're going to call it the—"

"Better wait until you have the home before you name it," the woman said with a little nod of the head. "And so you're trying to build this place with the money you get out of these trinkets? I suppose people who visit the prison buy them?"

"Yessum," answered Jerry to both questions.

The little woman went on:

"Don't you think it will take a long time?"

JERRY raised himself a bit in his chair.

"Yes, it will," he averred, "but, you see, maybe Mr. Trevitt can do something some of these days. If one of us could only get out in the State and see some of the people who count, you know—like Representatives and things—it'd help a lot. Mr. Trevitt'd go if he could, but he's just so busy all the time. And I wouldn't do any good because I'd be an ex-con. People wouldn't pay much attention to me. So"—there came that happy smile again, a smile which nothing seemed to dim very long—"we just keep on workin' and savin', and maybe some day there'll be

enough to make a start. Mr. Trevitt keeps all the money. I wouldn't trust myself with it. I'd steal it."

There came the clink of silver as the woman rose.

"Just to add to the fund," she said. There were little wrinkles of good-fellowship about her eyes. Jerry's stammering voice gave thanks while the woman went on: "Perhaps you think too many bad things about yourself. Maybe if you could get out and had this home to think about you could keep straight. Other men have."

Jerry nodded his head slowly. "I don't know," was his thoughtful reply.

"But perhaps the idea of benefiting others would help you," the woman reassured him. "How did you come to think of the plan, Jerry?"

It was then that the smile faded, and it seemed that the face paled. Jerry looked hard at the floor. He picked up his pliers aimlessly, then dropped them. He cleared his throat.

"I—I've got a little left-behind myself," came huskily.

"A child?"

Jerry's eyes came up slowly.

"I ain't never seen her." There was suppressed pathos in the voice. "You see, I got sent up before—"

SOMETHING prompted the woman to rise and, moving closer, lay a hand on the bent shoulder of the old man.

"Tell me," she prompted.

Jerry slowly, almost reverently, looked upward. "You see, when I got out before, I'd made up my mind that I was going to do right," he said, "I thought that maybe if I'd get married and settle down and have a place to call home, I could do it. After a while I found a girl that liked me—she was a good girl, too—and we got married. I kept straight almost two years," he continued with a bit of supplication in his voice, "and then—well, we needed money and all that sort of thing, and I—I came back here. Lucy was born two months later—she and her mother kind of traded lives, I guess. When the one came in the other went out." The voice had grown husky. There came a pause. The woman who stood with her hand on the prisoner's shoulder merely looked at the glowing shaft of sunlight and said nothing. Jerry at last went on—he, too, was staring ahead—"And I ain't ever seen her. Some folks that had known us—and known what had become of me—took her in, and they're a-bringing her up. Of course, she knows I'm

up here, and lots of times she asks about her daddy that she's never seen. They tell her she'll get to see me some time. It's like this," he added suddenly, "I don't want her to see me until I know I can be straight and good and clean for her. And all the time I'm here I'm just fighting on that—keep straight—keep straight! I ain't mastered it yet, maybe I never will, but I'm going to try."

"Don't you get lonely for her?" came the questioning of a soothing voice.

"Lonesome?" Jerry leaned forward. "Honest, ma'am, I'd just give everything in the world if I could see her. But I wouldn't go to her now even if I should be let out just this next minute. I'd want to wait and see if I could keep straight. I'd just tempt myself first and know if I could put it behind me. Then, if I could, I'd go to her and I'd grab her up in my arms, and—well, I guess I'd kiss her a million times. I write letters to her lots of times and tell her how her daddy's going to come to see her some time. You know, she thinks I work up here. She doesn't know I'm a regular prisoner. I'd kind of hate to have her know that. But sometimes—" he paused for just a second while a hand that trembled a bit sought his lips—"sometimes I dream of how it would be if I'd be sitting here, just like I am to-day, and the bell up on the wall'd ring and the warden'd tell me there was some one out at the gate who wanted to see me—a little girl—and that she was coming right in. Wouldn't that be nice? If she could just come here and not know I was a long-timer or

anything like that, and see her daddy for a while and then go away. I'd like to see my Lucy." His voice had taken on a crooning tone: "I'd sure like to see my little Lucy, I sure would."

And one day, when Jerry tried to look back on it following the expanse of a few hours, he could not remember just what had happened after that, whether he had buried his head in his hands and sobbed as he often longed to do, or whether he had said good-by to this pleasant, friendly woman with the smile which he always strove to bear. He could not remember; but, just the same, there was a strange peace in his soul, a feeling that the world was good and that life was meant for all of us to make the best of. When the "glim douse"—the convict term for that time when lights must be out—came that night Jerry sat long in his cell and smiled at the darkness. Once or twice he stretched out his arms to vacancy and whispered to himself. It was a name he spoke, that of Lucy.

HE SLEPT, only to be awakened within an hour by the touch of a hand on his shoulder. A lonely light was burning in the corridor outside his cell. He saw the face of a guard.

"Warden wants you," was the terse order.

Jerry dressed dreamily and followed. He hesitated at the door of the warden's office and started a bit at the fact that the door to the pardon room was open. It was in this room that pardoned men slept away their last night in prison. A suit of clothing lay across the foot rail of the bed. The warden was smiling.

"You're going out in the morning, Jerry," he said.



The clamping jaws of Jerry Shanway had fastened on the wrist which held the light

The convict started. His hands went forward, then dropped at his side.

"Going out?" he gasped. "Why, I didn't know—"

"That somebody was working for a pardon for you? Neither did I. The Governor telephoned to-night that he was sending the papers. They'll be here in the

morning, and you'll walk out. Let's see, you've been here six years, haven't you? That pulls your release money up to \$70. But we'll fix that up in the morning. I just wanted to bring you out of your cell into the pardon room. Good night, Jerry."

Dazed, almost unable to believe, Jerry Shanway reeled a bit. It seemed that ten years had been added to his life. He thought of the great outside, of the little girl, of the pet scheme on which he had worked for so many months. Perhaps, after a while out there, after he had proved that he could be straight and good, perhaps then—

JERRY'S hands twitched a bit. "Who got the pardon for me?" he asked slowly. "Don't know," came the answer. "The Governor wouldn't say."

"I wish I knew." The words were stumbling. "It'd help me keep straight. You know, Mr. Warden, I'm going to keep straight this time. I'm going to be straight a long time, and then, when I'm sure of myself, I'm going down to see my little girl. I bet she'll be glad to see her daddy. I'll tell her I've lost my job up here," he concluded

with a dry little laugh.

But the warden did not laugh with him. He was at his desk, tapping it nervously with a lead pencil.

"I'm afraid you won't win, Jerry," he said slowly. "I'm afraid you're going to come back. The light isn't in you, some way."

Three months later he nodded his head in an "I-told-you-so" manner. The name of Jerry Shanway had once more been entered upon the books of Trailing Penitentiary, the measurements (Continued on page 31)

A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet

By Herbert C. Test

ROMANCE appears in the queerest places and in the most unlikely characters. And sometimes the people in the midst of the romance are the last to recognize it. Such is the remarkable hero of this story.

"GOOD evening, Mr. Opt."

Mrs. Roddy extended greeting to the boarder whose delayed arrival completed our roster of regular diners. She nodded toward the one empty chair.

"We were just talking about burglars," she stated. Mr. Opt glanced at her with scrutinizing interest.

"I was just saying," she continued, "that I never felt the least bit afraid of 'em when my husband was alive. I think every one of 'em ought to go to the chair," she continued with conviction. "Every one! There is too much stealing entirely!"

Mrs. Roddy appeared to be working herself up to a proper condemnatory attitude to do the subject justice. She glared at "Doc" Spears and another boarder, who were indulging in a low-toned discussion of coming baseball prospects. Doc Spears halted with a word half finished.

"Once a thief, always a thief," she quoted. "A young man who doesn't pay his honest debts when they are due is no better."

Doc Spears, who had been publicly dunned in the front hall for overdue board, appeared to grasp an inner meaning in the rather enigmatic conclusion.

"I guess they'd have to work the electrocuters on shifts if they did," he replied, equally cryptic.

Mrs. Roddy shifted her gaze back to Mr. Opt. "I'm not speaking for myself—that is, not about the burglars," she declared. "Goodness knows, I've nothing to steal now. It's mighty different from when Mr. Roddy was alive," she finished plaintively.

Miss Bessie Truax, who had finished her dinner, sat

back and played with a cluster ring on the third finger of her left hand. "Don't you think, Mrs. Roddy, that some poor persons are driven to steal by misfortune?" she queried with deep concern.

"That is no excuse—to my mind," Mrs. Roddy returned acidly. "No excuse whatever! You're soon going to have a house of your own"—Miss Truax blushed—"or a flat," she added pointedly. "You wait until you get away from a homelike place, where you're taken care of like a mother would; and wait until you have to tend to locking up and hear noises when your husband is out at some beer saloon with you alone at home. You just wait!"

Miss Bessie Truax seemed crushed for a moment over this picture of domestic woe; then she rallied.

"My husband"—she faltered and blushed more deeply—"or, at least, my intended husband, doesn't drink," she stated positively. "And, anyhow, I know he wouldn't leave me alone—"

"Cho!" Mrs. Roddy interrupted. "You'll find out!" She appealed to her entire boarding clientele. "She'll find out, won't she?" she demanded.

Miss Bessie Truax refused to retreat.

"Well, anyhow, I believe there is some good even in burglars," she insisted.

Mrs. Roddy appeared about to explode as the result of the defiant stand taken by Miss Truax, who had already placed herself outside the pale of consideration by serving notice of intention to vacate her room to enter matrimony. She appealed directly to Mr. Opt. "Some good in burglars?" she demanded of him. "Mr. Opt, do you believe that there can be any good in burglars?"

MR. OPT rose, and his motions, although deferential, were quick. He bobbed a timid bow and started for the door.

"Yes, ma'am," he murmured.

Mrs. Roddy glowered down an incipient titter started among her charges. She ignored the complete failure of Mr. Opt to rally to her support.

"There's what I call a little gentleman," she told us.

"Comes and goes as quiet as a mouse; always speaks most respectful, and never complains about his meals." She paused to gather together more virtues of Mr. Opt to be vocally catalogued.

"What does old Pussyfoot do for a living?" Doc Spears inquired.

"That is a matter that is less the business of any boarder in my house than it is mine," Mrs. Roddy returned. "And I never inquire into anybody's affairs—especially when they pay two dollars extra a week for a third-floor back—and pay it," she finished pointedly.

Doc Spears was unabashed. "Maybe he's superintendent of an all-night Sunday school," he suggested impudently. "I usually meet him going out at night when I come in—and I don't often blow off the avenue until the bartenders start for the hay." The final statement was made boastfully.

Mrs. Roddy rose to assist in serving dessert.

"Whatever he does, he don't spend his board money for booze," she retorted.

Doc Spears gulped his pudding and started toward the hall before he replied.

"Booze!" he jeered. "I'd like to see Opt with a little jag. I can't see how such rabbits as him get along without some excitement in life. Me for a little adventure once in a while," he declared as he departed.

MR. OPT'S light, double tap at my door barely drew my attention from my evening studies.

He opened the door less than a third of its swing and sidled into the room. I noticed that he closed the door without causing the usual click of the latch. His progress across the floor to the chair to which I invited him with a nod was absolutely noiseless. He avoided, as though by instinct, a loose floor board which usually squeaked loudly when stepped on. He flashed a comprehensive glance around the room as he seated himself on the extreme edge of the chair. "I hope, sir, that I am not intruding, sir?" he questioned.

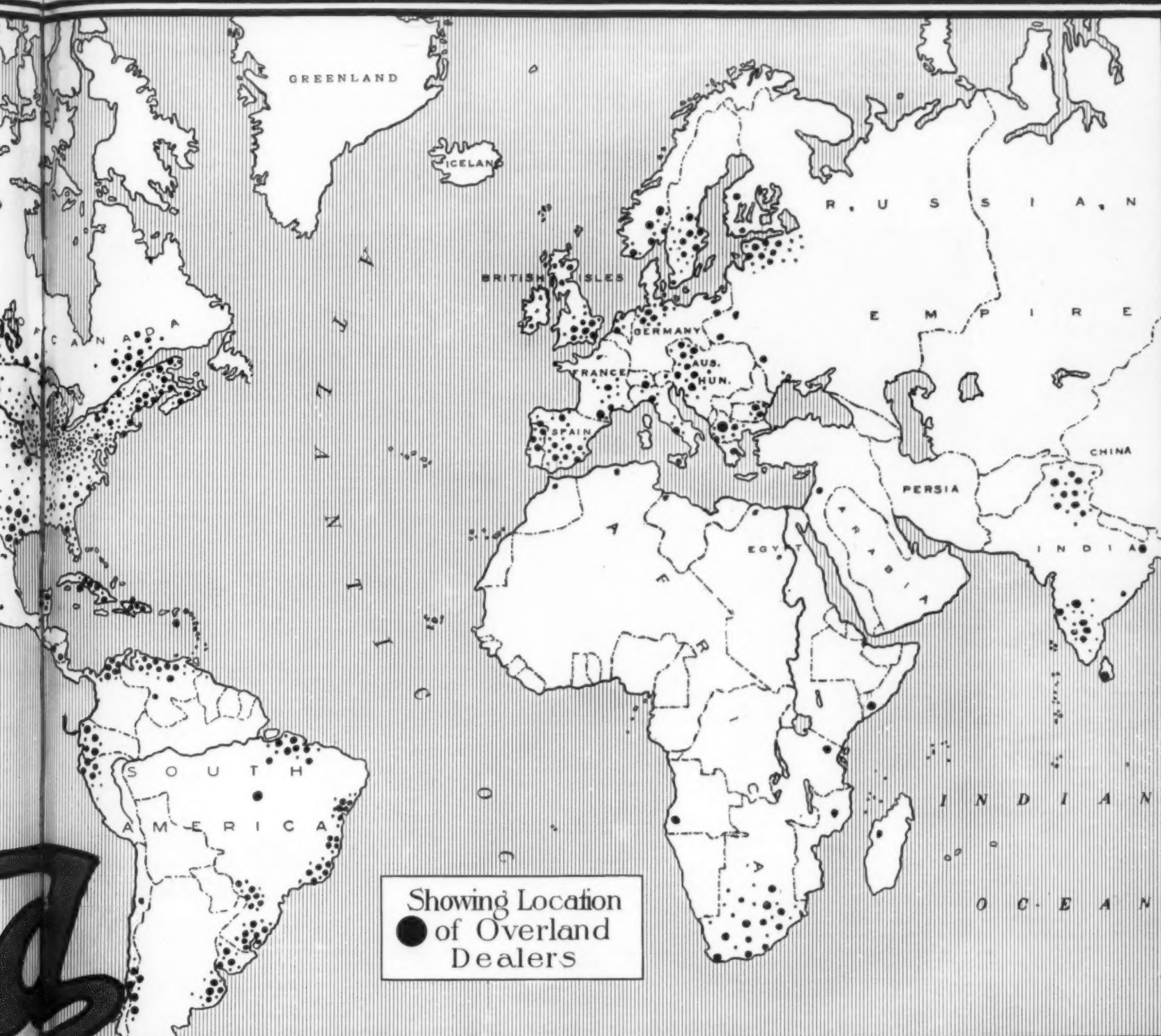
I informed him that I was glad to welcome him to my humble quarters. He refused my tender of my own



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Overland parts are stocked in every country under the sun. A special staff of "parts auditors" constantly travel all over the world, checking this stock and keeping it up-to-date. These men study and anticipate your needs in the many different countries—and see that you get what you want when you want it. A large force of men at our Executive Offices do nothing but keep in touch with and keep tab on the efficiency of this system. It is never permitted to fall below a certain standard.

Overland owners are never put to the inconvenience or annoyance of waiting days or weeks for parts to come from the factory. No matter what part of the civilized world you are in you can always get whatever you require in a few hours. And all this is the result of our establishing, developing, and maintaining what has grown to be the most far reaching system of automobile service in the world.

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The Willys-Overland Company, Dept. 6, Toledo, Ohio

comfortable rocker and waited patiently until I had completed the usual inane sarcasms concerning boarding-house comforts. "Many a young gentleman has been forced by circumstances to accept worse, sir," he said respectfully. He passed a tiny leather box from one hand to the other.

"I hope, sir, that I am not presuming in coming to you for a favor, sir," he continued without waiting for a reply. He seemed pleased at my nod of encouragement. "You see, sir, it is a rather delicate matter, sir; one that I could hardly ask anyone but a gentleman to undertake, sir—"

He stopped and held out the little box. As he extended it toward me he snapped the lid open. Inside lay a ring set with a small but perfect diamond. He laid the box and the trinket it held on my trunk, which was doing duty as an improvised desk.

"You see, sir, she's a very nice young lady, sir—very kindly; and very sympathetic. I imagine, sir. I thought I might be permitted, sir—"

HE PAUSED again. I am sure that my face revealed my mental perplexity. The faint shadow of a smile flickered across his face.

"I beg pardon, sir," he apologized. "You could hardly know, sir, just what I am asking, sir." The faint smile appeared again.

"You see, sir," he continued rapidly. "I wish to leave this little remembrance to Miss Truax—Miss Bessie Truax, you know, sir; the young lady who is about to be married, sir; and I thought maybe, sir, that you—"

"Why don't you give it to her, then?" I was getting impatient.

"Oh, I couldn't, sir!" His tone expressed a mild horror. "I couldn't do it at all, sir." He became propitiatory. "You see, sir, I—I—" He seemed to have evolved an idea and appeared pleased. "You see, sir, I am going away, sir, and—"

This time I did not have to express my thought. "I'll explain, sir," he said hurriedly, as though in answer to my unspoken query. "I'll explain, sir, why I can't give it to her before I go away, sir. You see, sir, that the young lady has been very, very good to me, sir, and I wish to show my appreciation of her kindness."

HE PAUSED as though to correlate his ideas. Again he showed uncanny grasp of my mental processes. I had no recollection of Miss Truax even noticing the retiring Mr. Opt during the two months since his arrival at Mrs. Roddy's and had intended to satisfy my curiosity by asking for information regarding the form of kindness displayed by the young lady.

"Oh, no, sir; not the ordinary sort of kindness at all, sir," he interjected hastily. "Not at all, sir! You see, sir, that Miss Truax has only been kindly and considerate of everybody in the house, sir; not at all of me, alone, sir. Not at all, sir."

My impression of Miss Truax during our acquaintance at Mrs. Roddy's had hardly led me to believe in any transcendent goodness or kindness in that young lady. At times I had thought her a bit snippy. I said so. Mr. Opt appeared pained.

"Oh, sir; I'm so sorry, sir," he complained. "I hoped that everyone admired her as I do. She always seemed to me to be so ready to take up for the poor and lowly, sir. Now at dinner to-night, sir. When she took up for the bur—"

His sudden silence made me glance at him quickly. He had covered his lips with a half-closed hand and appeared frightened.

"Are you interested in the welfare of burglars?" I asked sharply.

"Well, in a way, sir," he answered quickly. He seemed distressed. "Just in a way, sir. You see, sir," he hurried on as though to cover a conversational slip, "I just used that as an illustration of her desire to shield the weak and erring. You see, sir, it made me think of my wife—"

"Your wife?" I broke in. "Are you married?" I'm afraid my smile was sardonic. Mr. Opt's quick gray eyes took flashing notice.

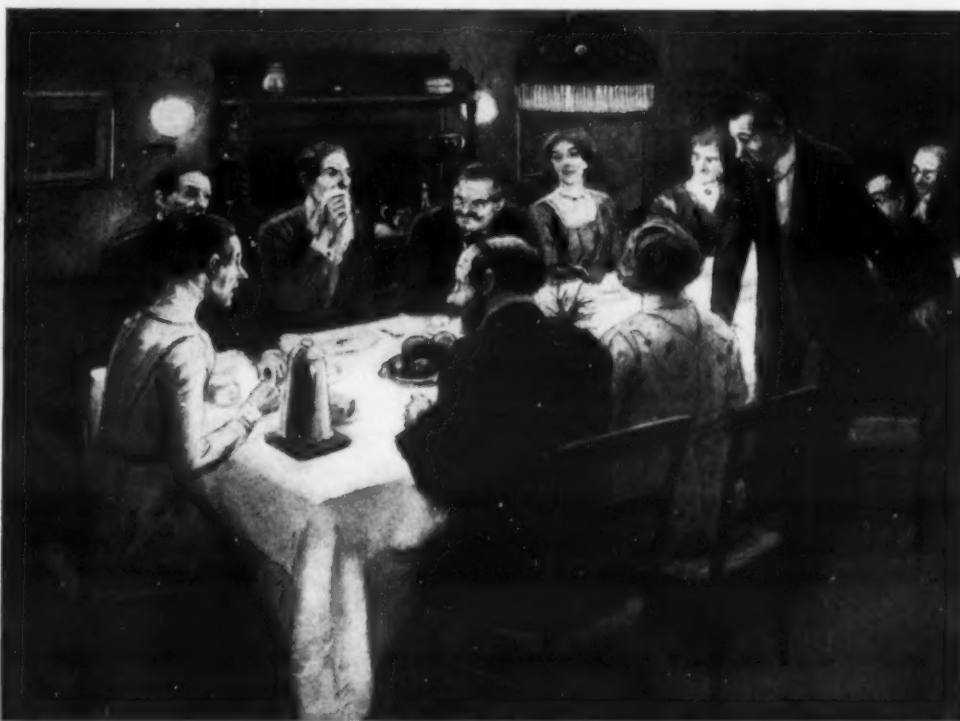
"Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "Yes, sir. Didn't I mention her before? In Chicago, sir. The dearest and sweetest woman in the world, sir. I have her picture here, sir."

He fumbled in his pocket, but I waved aside his proffer of the picture. I was becoming puzzled. "Go on, please," I requested. "Tell me what you wish." He seemed relieved.

"You see, it's like this, sir," he said. "Miss Truax is about to be married, sir. The young man, I take it, sir, is worthy but poor, sir. Wait just a moment, please," he pleaded to halt my intended comment. "You see, sir, that the ring—that is, her engagement ring—is plated, sir—he seemed horrified—"merely plated, sir. I've seen it often. And the stones, sir—he twitched his hands as though in pain—"the stones, sir, are merest imitation, sir. I thought, sir," he went on, "that perhaps you might—oh, dear, sir! I'm so sorry that you don't like her, sir—that you might give her this little ring in place—"

"Are you sure your wife—" I started the witless prod and stopped—ashamed.

"Oh, my wife would approve—entirely, sir. I have



"Mr. Opt, do you believe that there can be any good in burglars?" "Yes, ma'am," he murmured

written to her, sir. She is greatly pleased. I thought I told you that, sir." The man's misery was apparent. "I hoped, sir, that you could suggest some way, sir—"

I was glad to rush to cover. I felt a sudden fear that he might break into tears. I spoke heartily.

"Why, Opt, old scout, it's the easiest thing in the world," I said. "I know the young buck she's about to marry. He's a clerk in a store downtown. Very decent chap. Suppose I just slip him the ring and let him make the change? I'll say it's from the boarders here if you don't want the credit. He'll be tickled to death. He's scraping every cent for furniture. Do you suppose you can trust me with it?"

Mr. Opt went into extremely subdued paroxysms of joy. He grabbed the little case, snapped the lid shut, and pressed it into my hands, holding it there with both of his, as though fearful that I might withdraw my offer of service. "Thank you, sir! Thank you a thousand times, sir!" he exulted. "A wonderful plan, sir—wonderful. Let me thank you again, sir."

MR. OPT started toward the door, still in that gliding, noiseless fashion. He stopped with his hand on the knob and looked back at me wistfully. I decided that the man was lonely and felt a twinge of sympathy.

"Don't hurry, Opt," I said. "Come back and sit down until I finish a little work here and we'll drift down to the corner for a glass of beer."

He came back and again seated himself on the forward edge of the chair. "Thank you very kindly, sir," he murmured. "I will be very glad to accept, sir. I suppose you don't mind, sir, if I take ginger ale?"

The man's abject humility of words and manner was too ludicrous for adequate description. Despite my sense of the demands of hospitality, I was forced to laugh. "Opt, you're a funny card," I chuckled shamelessly between guffaws.

Mr. Opt did not seem to mind. He even smiled as his eyes met mine. "It's the ginger ale amuses you, I suppose, sir," he said. "I have to be very careful of my nerves, sir—not that a drink now and then isn't all right for a healthy young man, sir," he finished with the old note of apology in his voice.

I fell to work with a great rustling of papers, but seemed unable to accomplish anything. I felt impelled to glance at my guest every few minutes, and found each time that he was watching me with his keen eyes. Then I caught a yearning look, as though he repressed

a question or request with difficulty, and stopped. I leaned back and lighted a cigarette. "I guess that will hold me for to-night," I remarked.

Mr. Opt brightened. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said timidly, "but you write, do you not, sir?" The question surprised me and I suppose I showed it. "I mean you write for the newspapers, or books, or something," he explained.

I grinned as I denied the impeachment, and informed him that I had no literary aspirations. "I'm a shipping clerk, and this toll with pen and paper, which may resemble the outward and visible effort of budding creative genius, is, instead, the mark of labor devoted to acquisition of knowledge and practice of bookkeeping, under the tutelage of a correspondence school," I told him half jocularly.

I was a bit proud of my rhetorical flight. Mr. Opt, however, seemed chagrined. "I'm sorry for my mistake, sir," he said humbly. "Very sorry, indeed, sir. I rather hoped—"

"Perhaps I can help you," I interrupted. "If you wish some ground and lofty writing performed maybe I can do it for you."

Mr. Opt again smiled his tiny smile.

"Oh, no, sir!" he declared. "It's nothing at all, sir."

WE watched each other closely for a moment, without speaking. Then Mr. Opt leaned forward. His air was most confidential.

"It's how, sir," he began oddly. "It's how, sir, somehow I got the idea that you was a writer—a paper writer, or a book writer, sir."

He pulled his chair a few inches closer and lowered his voice.

"You see, sir," he continued, "if you were a writer, sir, I thought maybe I could tell you something that you

could write, sir; something that would be interesting, sir, and at the same time correct some great mistakes, sir."

He "hunched" his chair forward another few inches. He scanned my face eagerly, as though seeking some ray of hope for a cherished project. My curiosity overcame any scruples I might have possessed.

"I have a number of friends in the writing business," I lied glibly. "Tell me your tale and I'll pass it on."

"Would you, sir?" he begged. "It would be a great favor, sir."

"It's about burglars, sir," he rushed on. I started. "Oh, nothing wrong, I assure you, sir!" he exclaimed. "Nothing that would harm your friends' papers, sir."

"You see, it's like this, sir. I read a great deal, sir—on the trains and the like, sir. And I've been reading a lot lately, sir, about burglars, sir." He showed signs of suppressed excitement. "And they are all so very wrong, sir—so very wrong!"

"How wrong?" I demanded, careless of form in my desire to keep Mr. Opt on the leading thread of his story.

"That's exactly what I am about to explain, sir," he went on. "Exactly, sir." He gestured with his hands, which were slim and showed delicate blue

(Continued on page 28)

"Locked up?" I snapped in an effort to get the story before the train started. "Yes, sir," Mr. Opt stated placidly. "You see the servants took me for a burglar!"



Salesmanship

Rule-of-Thumb Science — Part Two

By W. Maxwell



AS I TRIED to explain to you in my previous article, if you have planned a good approach of the average man, you need not be greatly concerned about the peculiarities of temperament of the individual man. We are now at the point of considering this mystery-enshrined problem of "sizing up your man" or "reading his character" or whatever you choose to call it. To show you how important I consider it as a factor in applied salesmanship, when compared with the importance of constructing a true image of an average man, I shall dismiss the subject with a very few words. You don't read a man's "character" when you see him. If you size him up, it is merely to observe, for example, whether he is deliberate or impetuous, phlegmatic or volatile, serious or flippant, placid or irascible, courteous or ill-mannered, patient or impatient. Naturally you try to harmonize yourself with those phases of his temperament which are most apparent. You speak quickly to a quick-spoken or nervous man. You are slower of speech, but no less emphatic, with a deliberate man. You are self-assertive with an ill-mannered man. But why multiply examples of this so-called character reading and its influence upon your method of approaching a prospective customer? It is largely instinctive, which is no doubt why many salesmen rely upon it in preference to premeditated speech and acts which require constructive thought.

APPROACHING YOUR MAN

WHEN you get to know a man you will naturally adapt your manner of approach to your estimate of his temperament, but do not mistake the exchange of personal amenities for real attention getting. The attention a salesman requires is not attention for himself alone. What he needs is an approach that will compel attention for some particular article in his line or some particular phase of his proposition. He does not want the merely tolerant attention of friendship. The salesman who places his reliance on the friendship of a buyer is backing a high-weighted horse at short odds.

As to the class of man you are approaching—that is to say, whether he is the kind of man who sits in a luxurious office or the kind who sits on the edge of a pickle barrel—my advice is to disregard such distinctions. Act the way you feel, unless you happen to feel subdued by Turkish rugs and rosewood desks. In that event, don't act the way you feel.

One more word and I am done with the subject of approach. I can imagine a jobber's salesman saying that my method is not practicable for a man who sells an extensive line. In my opinion a great weakness in the methods of most salesmen for jobbing houses is that they do not base their approach on one specific article, but scatter fire. I shall enlarge upon this later.

Don't try to tell your whole story when you approach a prospective customer. A common and very bad introductory remark is somewhat as follows: "I am representing Smith & Jones of Johnstown. We make a very fine line of 'Thingumbobs' and I want to see if I can't interest you in our line." Whatever else you do or say, don't say that.

CHALLENGE HIS ATTENTION

ATTENTION may be called the dawn of interest. If you can imagine a dawn that will turn tail at the slightest excuse and slip back into the darkness whence it came.

Perhaps it is closer to the mark to say that attention is a challenge, since the man who gives you his attention yields a temporary interest which his mind challenges you to hold.

Real interest is involuntary mental concentration. Forced interest is an unwilling captive, and feigned interest an amiable deceit. It is never safe to assume that any talking point is of inherent interest to a buyer, nor that you can

interest him in your goods merely by describing their good qualities in a convincing way.

I never knew anyone to buy a photograph of a banquet which he had attended if the photographer failed to get him in the picture. If I wanted to impress Niagara Falls on a man's mind so that he would never forget the scene, I should photograph the falls with the man in the foreground and give him a copy of the photograph. If we want to hold the interest of a buyer as we describe our goods, we must keep him in the picture.

Our average man is always interested in himself. If we are trying to sell a high-priced saw and ask the buyer, when we approach him, whether he has a sales organization that can sell a very high-grade saw, we gain his attention because we touch his vanity, and we attach a tether rope to his interest because we make the quality of our saw part and parcel of the buyer's consideration of his own sales ability. We gain momentary possession of his interest, but if we proceed to talk about ourselves and our saw without bringing him into the story, his mind is likely to pull the tether pin and gallop off to the consideration of other subjects.

A buyer's interest in the quality of your goods can be developed to the extent only that he sees in their superior quality a means of increasing his own business profits or prestige. A quality talk should always be from the standpoint of the buyer as a seller and in the identical terms that he should use in selling your goods to his own trade. If the buyer is a jobber, take him with you on an imaginary trip over his territory and talk to his trade about your goods. If he is a retailer, place yourself behind his counter in your imagination and talk to his patrons. In addition to convincing a buyer of the superior excellence of your merchandise, you must also convince him that he can convince his trade.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

THE test of the buyer's interest in your description of your goods is whether you have made him forget that he is a buyer. It is necessary to bring him into the picture as a seller and make him see himself using successfully with his trade the same quality talk that you are using with him. If you can make a buyer desire to remember what you are saying to him so that he can say the same thing to his own customers, you have captured his real interest in the quality of your goods—and short of that you haven't.

"Was unable to interest him." I don't know how many times I have read those words in traveling men's reports. I may have used them myself when I first went on the road. It is a confession that no salesman should have to make. He might as well report: "I saw Jones, but I couldn't get him to look up from his desk." A salesman can always get attention and develop some degree of interest. Yet there are thousands of salesmen who do not always successfully negotiate these preliminary steps of a sale and many of them fail without knowing they have failed. The other day a salesman thanked me for my attention and my interest in his proposition, when, as a matter of fact, my attention had been directed to the circumstance that he was wearing a blue cravat with a brown suit and my interest

engaged by the peculiar conformation of his ears. Nor was my frivolity responsible for this. The man had a fair chance to transfer my attention to the thing he had to sell, but because I looked at him he believed he had all of the attention necessary. He could have excited my interest in something besides his ears if he had brought up any point of real interest to me. But he didn't. He took up his allotted time in talking about things that interested him, and because I listened he imagined that I was interested.

I cannot lay too much emphasis on the point that the way to arouse a merchant's interest is to put yourself in his place and talk to his trade instead of to him. One of the best salesmen I know carries with him an imaginary person whom he calls Mr. Dinkenspiet. This salesman sells all his goods to Mr. Dinkenspiet. He will start in something like this:

"Now, there is Mr. Dinkenspiet up at Worcester, Mass." "Dinkenspiet is such and such kind of a man." "We go up to see Dinkenspiet." "Dinkenspiet says 'so and so.'" "We say to Dinkenspiet 'so and so.'" "

Dinkenspiet is the greatest cosmopolitan in the world, for he lives wherever this salesman wants him to live. He is the most versatile person in the world because he instantly assumes any character the salesman gives him. However, the buyer can always recognize one of his customers in Dinkenspiet and unconsciously becomes a seller instead of a buyer as his mind follows the imagined sale to Mr. Dinkenspiet.

Every merchant should have a Dinkenspiet, and those who sell to retail merchants should have a Mrs. Dinkenspiet, to whom in fancy they can sell their goods over the merchant's counter while the merchant listens.

SELL HIM SOMETHING

ONE final word on the second step of a sale. No matter how many different kinds of goods you have to sell, start in on a single article and keep the buyer's interest on that article until you have sold it to him or convinced yourself that he won't buy it. Even though you are travelling for a jobbing house and carry a catalogue as big as a dictionary, you should commence as if you had but one thing to sell. Actually sell something before you commence to rifle the pages of your catalogue and drone out your inquiries as to whether the buyer needs any of this or wants a little of that. Make a clean-cut sale right at the start, and subsequent orders will come a good deal easier and faster. I suppose this is a result of the meeting of minds which occurs in an actual sale as distinguished from a voluntary offering in the shape of an order. After the minds of buyer and salesman have met in a real sale, they appear to synchronize more fully as the pages of the catalogue are turned. Perhaps this isn't the explanation, but the fact remains and I commend the method to every jobber's salesman.

The third step of a sale is to nail down what you have previously said. In developing the interest of your prospective customer you will very possibly have carried him to a point from which there will be some reaction. You must expect reaction. It is better to have it before than after you get the order. Reaction after you have gone away with the order is very likely to mean cancellation. A countermand usually means that you overplayed your hand.

SHOW HIM A PROFIT

YOU have interested your prospective customer as you sketched the possibilities of your line and told him of its good qualities. You have sold the goods to Mr. Dinkenspiet and your customer has heard you do it. While he listened he ceased to be a buyer and in his imagination became a seller. But before you get his order he becomes the buyer again. You have made him

Bent Bones

You May Not Be A Chinese—Yet—

THE Chinese deliberately, studiously bind and deform their feet through life. They call it *style*.

Americans do the same thing, though without the thought or effort. We crowd our good, honest feet into any shaped shoe that strikes our fancy.

We do not think of the harm. But time always tells what the above X-Ray photo shows. It tells in corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. It tells in painful *consciousness of our feet*. It tells in loss of bodily efficiency.

The Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe is built in the shape of a *real foot*. It has precisely the right amount of room for all five toes—without looseness. It is handsome in shape, handsomely made—in fact, good sense *plus* good looks.

For men, women, children. Put your child's feet into Rice & Hutchins Educators and he will never have corns, bunions, etc. Put your own feet into Educators and the poor, tired bones will straighten out in relief. Made the same shape season after season. Thus you can always have on the same comfortable shoe.

Prices from \$1.35 for infants' to \$5.50 for men's specials.

Look for Educator branded on the sole of every genuine Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe. If your dealer doesn't carry genuine Educators, send us his name and we'll mail you complete catalogue and tell you where to get them.

Don't be Chinese. Use your thought and free your feet from foot troubles, by getting them into Educators today.

Rice & Hutchins EDUCATOR SHOE

"Let's the foot grow as it should"

"Comfortable as an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

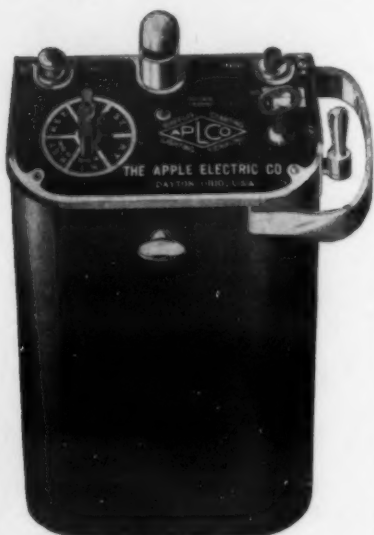


Men's Educator

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family
16 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.
Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfair Shoes for Women

All controls at your hand



Top view of controller

FROM the small compact control box of the Aplco electric equipment you can start your motor, switch lights on or off; dim your head lights. You can lock starter, lights and horn; test flow of current; light your dash.

THE controller typifies the whole Apple equipment—simple, business-like, positive. You get 100% service from the Aplco electric engine starter for this reason. It is "the starter that never stops starting."

You can depend upon it always; count on its reserve power and infallibility. Compact—it doesn't clutter up your engine installation.

You will naturally prefer the Aplco equipment, scientifically developed with repeated tests under the direction of Vincent G. Apple himself. Mr. Apple is the pioneer in the whole electric starter idea; obviously his outfit is not the hurriedly-designed-to-meet-the-demand kind. Many engineers now agree that his idea is the right one—24 volts for starting, 6 volts for lighting, ignition, signaling, etc.

When you buy your new car demand an Aplco starter. Write us about it. You want to know what you can do with this starter problem, anyhow. It's the most important accessory you have to consider.

You'll find our service stations in many principal cities. Through one of these you can probably arrange for an Aplco starter on your present car. Write us about this, too; such an improvement will add tremendously to the cash value of your car.



The Apple Electric Co.
89 Canal St., Dayton, O.

comprehend what you claim for your goods in quality and salability. The next step is to bring him to a full belief in and accord with your statements—by making him see a profit.

He wants to make money. You must show him certainly and definitely how your goods will make money for him. If they are priced at such a figure that he can't derive an attractive direct profit from their sale, you must be able to show him how they will build up his prestige and trade, and give him the desired profit indirectly, if not directly.

No matter how excellent your wares may be, no matter how satisfactory they will prove to the trade, no matter how easily they can be sold, our average man insists on seeing a satisfactory profit in them in some form or other before he will give you his order.

DIRECT OR INDIRECT—BUT A PROFIT

I HAVE heard salesmen say: "Yes, I know, Mr. Jones, the profit on our goods is a little less, but consider the satisfaction of handling a line like ours." The satisfaction which a merchant gets from handling a high-grade article is secondary to the satisfaction he experiences in making an attractive profit. I have never known a merchant to place an order for goods merely that he might have the satisfaction of handling them. Tradesmen handle merchandise for the profit. Postage stamps ordinarily yield the apothecary no direct profit, but his postage-stamp business extends his trade and affords him an indirect profit. The grocer may handle certain widely advertised goods at an actual loss, but he has a reason for doing it quite apart from any satisfaction he derives from their sale.

Summed up briefly, the third step of a sale is to decorate your proposition with the dollar sign. The reaction which the buyer experiences after you have carried to the highest pitch his interest in the quality and salability of your goods will manifest itself in one controlling thought: "Can I make more money by buying these goods?" Don't let him ask the question. Anticipate it. You know the climax of your quality and salability talk. Ring down the curtain on that line of talk when you have reached this climax and instantly ring up on your profit-making talk.

I have asserted that the third step of a sale is to nail down what you have previously said about your goods. Convince the buyer that there is a sure and satisfactory profit to be made from the sale of your line and you have confirmed to his entire satisfaction all of your previous claims. Up to the third step of a sale, talk quality just as fervidly as the truth will permit; then prove your statements by showing the buyer how much money he is going to make. Not because that really proves quality, but because our average man wants to believe the best of anything that holds forth a convincing prospect of more money in his pocket. Perhaps you say: "Then why not talk about the profits first?" Simply because profits in trade are not earned until sales are made and the buyer's mind is not ready to consider the subject of profits until

you have shown him the possibility of sales. Sales before profits is the order of events in trade. Your sales arguments should be presented in the same order, for that sequence of thought occurs in the buyer's mind as he considers your proposition, and he cannot follow you attentively if your arguments are presented in a different sequence.

But in its proper place the profits talk is all important, and every salesman should have at his tongue's end a definite and convincing statement and analysis of the profits that can be made from the sale of his goods. If you are a salesman and haven't a lucid profits talk in your repertoire, I beg of you to take pencil and paper to-night and work one out to the last decimal point, for the accomplishment of the third step of a sale depends on the buyer's ability to see a profit in store for him.

Now comes the fourth and final step of a sale. You have disarmed the buyer by showing the salability and the profitability of your goods. He is ready for the final stroke. But remember that a buyer has wonderful resourcefulness in negation. If you let the psychological moment slip by, he is likely to recover his shield of doubt and sword of disagreement and put you to rout. Don't let your opportunity escape. The instant you have reached the climax of your profits talk is the time to take the hazard.

I have referred to the faculty of divining the proper time to make the closing talk. It would have been better to define this as the ability to recognize the moment you have convinced your prospective customer that there is an

you'll only need"—well, no matter how much he's going to need. You write it down, commenting on the virtues of the goods as you write. It is a curious fact that a buyer will seldom interrupt you while you are writing, and if you talk as you write, his mind follows your pencil instead of formulating excuses, doubts, and objections. When you have completed the memorandum of the goods you think he should buy, you pass it over to him and you say: "There's about what you ought to have as a starter." The expression on your face is a sort of compromise between the ferocity of a man-eating tiger, the wistfulness of a hungry dog, and the self-complacency of a hoot owl. What does the buyer do? He either buys or he doesn't buy. You have cast the dice and you have won or lost.

PERSONALITY

I HAVE not touched on special discounts, impending advances in price, threatened shortages of supply, or similar inducements and arguments that can sometimes be offered to the buyer as a part of the closing talk. If the salesman can truthfully advance any such reasons why the buyer should place his order at once, they are a legitimate aid in taking the fourth step of a sale, but they are not an essential part of salesmanship.

I have nearly completed what I have to say about salesmanship, the rule-of-thumb science. Its fundamental rules are few and simple. Their application depends upon your estimate of yourself and the average man with whom you have to deal. Your thumb may be either longer or shorter than mine—hence salesmanship must always be a rule-of-thumb science.

It has required some restraint to refrain from anecdotes to illustrate the points I have attempted to make. Illustrative stories are almost habitual in articles on salesmanship—so much so that the illustrations usually submerge and obliterate the points intended to be illustrated. You no doubt know as many stories as I, and I leave it to you to find your own illustrations.

I should be entirely through now, except that a man who knew that I was writing this article said to me the other day: "I want to read what you say about personality. That's the important thing in a salesman, and it's a thing that's born in a man. It's something he can't acquire."

To avoid disappointing this gentleman I must say a few words about personality.

Personality in salesmanship is merely the radiation of self-confidence. Be sure of your ground and you will have a convincing personality. Some people are born with self-confidence. If it stops short of offensive egotism, they have a certain inborn personality. But personality is more frequently acquired than inborn. Don't worry about it any more than about character reading. Know your goods thoroughly, master and practice the fundamental principles of salesmanship, and personality will descend upon you like a halo.

Make a clean-cut sale right at the start, and subsequent orders will come a good deal easier and faster



inviting profit in your goods. When that moment comes, say to yourself: "Mr. Buyer, I know you're going to buy a bill of goods from me. You can't help it. The only question is how big a bill you're going to buy." However, while you are talking to yourself, don't give the buyer a chance to put an excuse or objection into words. A thought that gets into words is harder to combat than a silent thought.

WRITING OUT AN ORDER

THE best closing stunt I know of is to outline an order. It keeps before the buyer's eyes the picture of sales and profits that you have drawn and it keeps him in the picture. You say: "Now to start in on this proposition

On the Mountain

By CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

LOVE of mine, come climb the height
Far above the thirsty plain;
There we'll find our heart's delight,
There the Spring is born again.

High, beyond this dreamy dell
Where her first-born flowers fade
Let us go to meet the spell
Of her coming, in the glade.

Where the balsam branches spread
Shadows on the deeper blue
Of the violets we thought dead—
Where the golden bell-wort's hue

Rivals still the sunlight's gleam,
Come—my heart would leap and play
As we glory in the dream
Of a reincarnate May!

Love of mine, I cannot wait,
For one joy attends, aloof—
Let us go with hearts elate,
Thus to put it to the proof.

What if as we meet the Spring,
Evanescence, frail, and fair;
Swift, on its elusive wing,
Our lost youth should greet us there!

The Second Lesson

In Organizing and Running a Pure Food Campaign in Your Town

IT WILL be remembered that the expenses of the food show of the fair type are met largely by the exhibiting manufacturers, and by an admission fee charged to the public—a perfectly legitimate enterprise when rightly conducted, and productive of excellent results. One serious objection to this kind of food fair lies in the fact that it must be limited to cities and communities whose population would in a measure guarantee financial success through the number of paying visitors. Strictly speaking, such a fair does not exhibit pure food as such, but rather special brands of pure food, a rather serious distinction, as one may see. For example, the Blank Company buys space in which to demonstrate in any permissible way such of its products as are considered eligible by the censor committee and according to the provisions of the contract. This firm may exhibit ten different food products or even more. It is generous in the distribution of literature and samples, and the visitor leaves with the impression that the brand of goods made or distributed by this firm is a desirable one, as without doubt it is. The company, however, does not carry meat products, dairy specials, confectionery, nor beverages. In some food fairs there has been a complete omission of such important foods as cooking oils and fats, cocoas, sirups, vegetable products, dried fruits, and the like. The committee in charge secured representative brands, but did not secure representative foods.

This condition, which frequently obtains, has brought about the necessity of some supplementary exhibit. This is perhaps best met by an exhibit of the museum type.

THE FOOD MUSEUM

THE food museum is an important adjunct in any food campaign, since it is a means of continuing interest as well as arousing it. An exhibit of this nature may be installed in any town regardless of the number of population. The different lines of cooperation should be carefully planned, however, as previously outlined. The list of references from the Westfield Athenaeum to be printed in *COLLIER'S* of August 2 will prove useful, and will supplement a list previously published. It is the work of Librarian Lewis, who is a staunch advocate of the pure-food movement.

A room centrally located and easy of access should be selected. The size and location must be in part governed by the funds available for its maintenance. The finances must be met wholly by the organizations active in promoting the fair. No manufacturer should be allowed to contribute to the fund, and admission should be free to the public.

It will be remembered that in a food fair the flooring is spaced, and sections are sold to exhibiting manufacturers. In a museum, shelves are built and show cases installed in the most effective manner. The exhibit space is divided into sections covering all the common classes of food products. Thus a visitor who is interested in flavoring extracts can pass to the appropriate section designated by a suitably printed sign. There he may see not one but half a dozen or more brands of high-class goods. Whereas a food fair will exhibit at most two or three brands, a food museum may exhibit an unlimited number.

WESTFIELD'S MUSEUM

A BRIEF description of the Westfield (Mass.) Food Exhibit will be of interest, as it may well serve as a model. The museum is located at 158 Elm Street, one of the principal streets, at a point



By Lewis B. Allyn

where the traffic is heavy. The room is 95 feet by 20 feet, the interior a light cream color, and liberally supplied with electric lights and fans, under the direction of the municipal lighting board. Foods are classified under the following headings: beverages; canned fruits and vegetables; confectionery; cereals; cocoa and chocolates; coffee; cooking oils and fats; crackers, cookies, and the like; dairy products; dessert preparations; flour; flavoring extracts; fish products; honey, sirups, etc.; jams and preserves; macaroni, spaghetti, and the like; meat products; olives and olive oil; peanut butter; pickles; condiments; sugar, salt and seasoning; spices; soups; tea. This list, one of convenience, may be modified to suit special conditions. It is designed to bring foods together under naturally related heads. Articles for these sections are secured from two sources—from the manufacturer or wholesaler, and from the local retailers. Many a manufacturer is glad to avail himself of the privilege of placing his goods on the shelves, not only to secure a good advertisement, but likewise to further the interests of pure foods. Some manufacturers whose products are in large packages, or of a perishable nature, prefer to submit dummies, which are perfectly acceptable and legitimate for the purpose intended, provided the articles themselves are up to the standard set for the exhibit. Displays of hams and bacons and some lines of confectionery are composed of packages of this kind. Other manufacturers elect to send the usual full package. Manufacturers frequently make their display by sending an order on their local representatives, and asking them to submit packages from stock. Goods are likewise loaned for display by the grocers and provision dealers of the town without reference to the wishes of the manufacturer. It is perhaps needless to say that all displayed goods are carefully supervised and are already listed in "The Westfield Book of Pure Foods," or at least conform to the standard set by the town. This standard is set forth by Regulation 1: "There shall be no impure food product exhibited in this display; no foods containing added alum, copper, formaldehyde; sulphurous acid or its salts, boric acid or its salts; benzoic acid or its salts; formic acid or its salts, fluorides of sodium or calcium; nor any other noncondimental preservatives; no exhibited foods shall contain any coal-tar colors, nor poisonous vegetable colors; nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance have been taken from them so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength, and purity. Packages shall bear no dishonest labels nor labels bearing extravagant statements."

So far as can be determined, every high-grade manufacturer is willing to subscribe to the above statement. In an exhibit of this character it becomes necessary to employ a censor committee empowered to admit or debar products.

Several interesting instances came to the attention of the Westfield committee. A certain can bore the label "Little Neck Clams." Investigation showed that they were not little-neck clams, but were ordinary soft-shell clams. On having his attention called to the error, the owner of the brand promised immediate correction. Meanwhile the clams waited outside.

A well-known brand of cocoa sought admission. The label read, "Pure Soluble Cocoa." The sample was not pure cocoa on account of its high ash and alkalinity. Neither was it soluble, for it was composed of over four-fifths insoluble matter. The district manager promptly agreed to have the label changed to conform with the truth. The cocoa will wait with the clams.

Upon another brand of cocoa appeared directions for making it, together with the statement: "You will then have a cup of this unrivaled cocoa." Since "unrivaled" means without a competitor or peerless, it was deemed wise to call the manufacturer's attention to the case. The manufacturer at once replied: "That label has been on the cans from time immemorial, and we have never thought about the meaning of that particular word. We have ordered all future packages to bear the word 'Excellent' instead of 'Unrivaled.'" It was thought advisable to display the cocoa with the letter from the firm.

One manufacturer sent in a 3-pound can of coffee labeled "Contains 5 pounds"; one a 32-ounce bottle of olive oil labeled "Contains 15 ounces."

PUBLIC SPIRIT DOES IT

THE organizations back of the Westfield exhibit are the Board of Health, the Board of Trade, and the Merchants' Association, since the campaign is too much for any one organization to handle.

When it was thought desirable to maintain a comprehensive display of foods, the expense was divided between the Board of Health and the Board of Trade, the former looking after the maintenance, and the latter after the advertising. One element of the success of the Westfield campaign has been skillful advertising. The Board of Trade has installed two electrically lighted signs of large dimensions at the two main entrances of the town. The inscription reads: "WESTFIELD, THE PURE FOOD TOWN. Visit the Pure Food Exhibit." Banners and electric flash signs prominently displayed in other sections also call attention to the exhibit.

The merchants were organized into a general committee of arrangements to look after some of the important details: one being responsible for the cereal display; another for the canned goods; and a third for the spices and the like. A feeling of good-fellowship, developed because of these men working together for a common end—better food for Westfield—has more than paid for all the care, work, and responsibility. The exhibit will be open every afternoon and Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday evenings for at least three months.

SUPPLEMENTARY EXHIBITS

BACK of the main exhibit room is a large alcove containing educational displays, as noted in the preceding article upon this subject. That people may be impressed with the necessity of pure food both from the standpoint of hygiene and economy there is an extensive collection of adulterated and misbranded foods: "To Enlighten, Not to Frighten." Included in this are coal-tar dyed, glue-filled, shellac-coated, arsenical candles; pie paint for bakers' use; drugged soft drinks containing caffeine, dyes, ethers,



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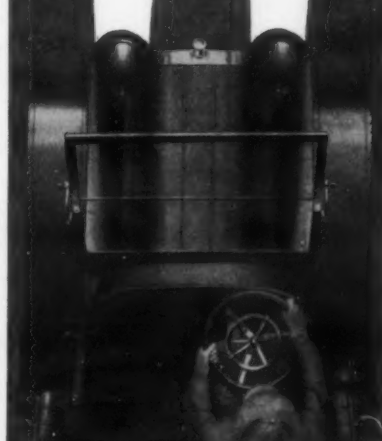
You needn't worry about having "ice" enough; the self-made as the battery is stored up the battery when the lights are lighted or not.

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You have the Aplco System installed in your car at a comparatively small cost or cost of installation; quite a lot of time. It's doing for you, and working now, with the present season off.

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Canal, Dayton, Ohio





IT was a new and startling idea to pack an—
80 CENT—tobacco in a 5 Cent tin—just HALF the size of the ordinary tin.

The 80 Cent TOBACCO in the Handy 5¢ TIN Why did we do it? Because the 5 Cent tin holds just enough tobacco to keep FRESH until it is smoked.

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Stag is something more than one of the world's finest tobaccos. Its FRAGRANCE is the most delightful thing in the whole history of smoking. No other tobacco has it, or can have it.

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Sold only in 5 Cent tins and 90 Cent pound glass humidor jars.

"EVER-LASTING-LY GOOD"

STAG

preservatives, soap bark, and tincture of red pepper. Here one may see a new chewing gum called Pneumovita, said to be "the best-known remedy for tuberculosis, bronchitis, relieving water brash, and the like." Here are extracts with false and lying labels—labels of the sticker type, which, in deference to the Food and Drugs Act, cover up the fraud beneath, and state it in a modified form. Here is deadly "dope" for babies and dangerous "dope" for adults—in short, a horrible sickening collection which turns the spotlight of public disapproval upon such commercial and moral degradation.

Paid assistants of the Board of Health are present to explain the various features and plans of the exhibit. People hear the explanation, leave, and return in a few minutes with others and go over the explanation for their benefit. This is a very common occurrence and indicates public interest. A modestly equipped chemical laboratory in charge

of a skilled young woman is in daily operation, and proves a strong attraction. On certain evenings local speakers and others give brief addresses on various phases of the pure-food movement and what it means to the people of Westfield.

Window displays are furnished and set by the grocer who has that matter in charge for the week. Attractive signs are furnished by an interested sign painter. The points in favor of such a food display may be summed up thus: It awakens and continues public interest; it advertises pure food as such; it furthers good-fellowship among provision dealers; it gives everyone an opportunity to help; it educates, enlightens, and assures; it is of a semipermanent character, and is a place of ready reference.

Its standard must be high; its policy broad and liberal. In this way any town may secure for itself greatly improved food conditions.

The Fortunes of Citizen Creel

(Continued from page 6)

paper had betrayed him, not he it! He thought it was he who had the grievance. Instead he was sent to Coventry and made to experience that utter loneliness which is the price men pay for the privilege of championing an uncrowned cause. Homes were closed to him, friends passed him by, boys gazed at him in the street. Creel had earned himself this. Deeply despondent, he went off, down to the State prison at Cañon City and took up his abode with his friend Warden Tynan and the warden's group of four hundred word of honor men who go and come almost as they please.

Creel put in days and days wandering with Jim about his work over the hills surrounding the penitentiary. And this faith of Jim's was like medicine to the thrown-down writer of editorials.

BACK INTO BATTLE

FINALLY, with his vision cleared, Creel came to New York and began to write for the magazines; but in the summer of the following year, 1911, he was invited to return to Denver, to become editorial writer on the "Rocky Mountain News," a paper owned by Senator T. M. Patterson.

The fight for the commission form of government in Denver was on and Creel threw himself into that in his clear-seeing but passionate, headlong way. The ease with which 20,000 signatures to the petition for a vote upon the subject were secured showed how trenchant was his pen. But the City Council threw these petitions in the wastebasket. While the Supreme Court was being invoked in vain upon mandamus proceedings, the Speer administration carried insolence of the popular will farther yet by forcibly ejecting City Assessor Henry J. Arnold from his office. The people were aghast. Creel himself, seldom at a loss for words, was almost struck dumb. After hesitating for a while and against the advice of every one of his councillors, he published a notice in the "News" calling for a mass meeting Sunday afternoon on the east lawn of the Capitol to protest. The day was bleak, but 35,000 people, like a vast cloud of locusts, came out and settled down upon the lawn, standing for three hours in quiet orderliness while many speakers addressed them, after which they adopted resolutions that Creel had prepared—which were notable at once for deep conviction and well-husbanded wrath, and dispersed quietly to their homes. It was one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever witnessed in an American city, and it clearly showed Creel's great genius for firing and directing the public mind.

PROMISES BEFORE AND AFTER

BELIEVING with all his soul in the integrity of Henry J. Arnold, the assessor whom Speer had ejected, Creel soon put him forward as a candidate for Mayor. As the spring campaign approached, another great mass meeting was held, but this time in the Auditorium, and at it a citizen's ticket headed by Arnold was nominated. Ex-Senator Frank J. Cannon of Utah, then and now of Denver, who was presiding, administered to these candidates, while they held their hands high toward heaven, an oath to give the people of Denver commission government at the earliest possible moment. This pledge was also put into writing. At the election on May 20, 1912, this ticket was triumphant.

Immediately a difference began to develop between Arnold, the Mayor-elect, and Creel, who had made his election possible. Creel says Arnold began to make his appointments as rewards to personal helpers, indicating that he regarded his triumph at the polls as a personal one instead of a victory for principles. Seeing this, Creel demanded and received for himself the position of Police Commissioner—not only because of his old interest in the humanity side of every question, but also that he might be in a position to make the administration keep its commission government pledge. On taking the office he announced that he would hold it but six months, his hurrying soul imagining that in that time he could get things working as he wished them to work, and then pass on to other activities. There were two other Commissioners—Blakely, Excise Commissioner, and McGrew, Fire Commissioner—the three together constituting the Fire and Police, with power in the three departments thus combined.

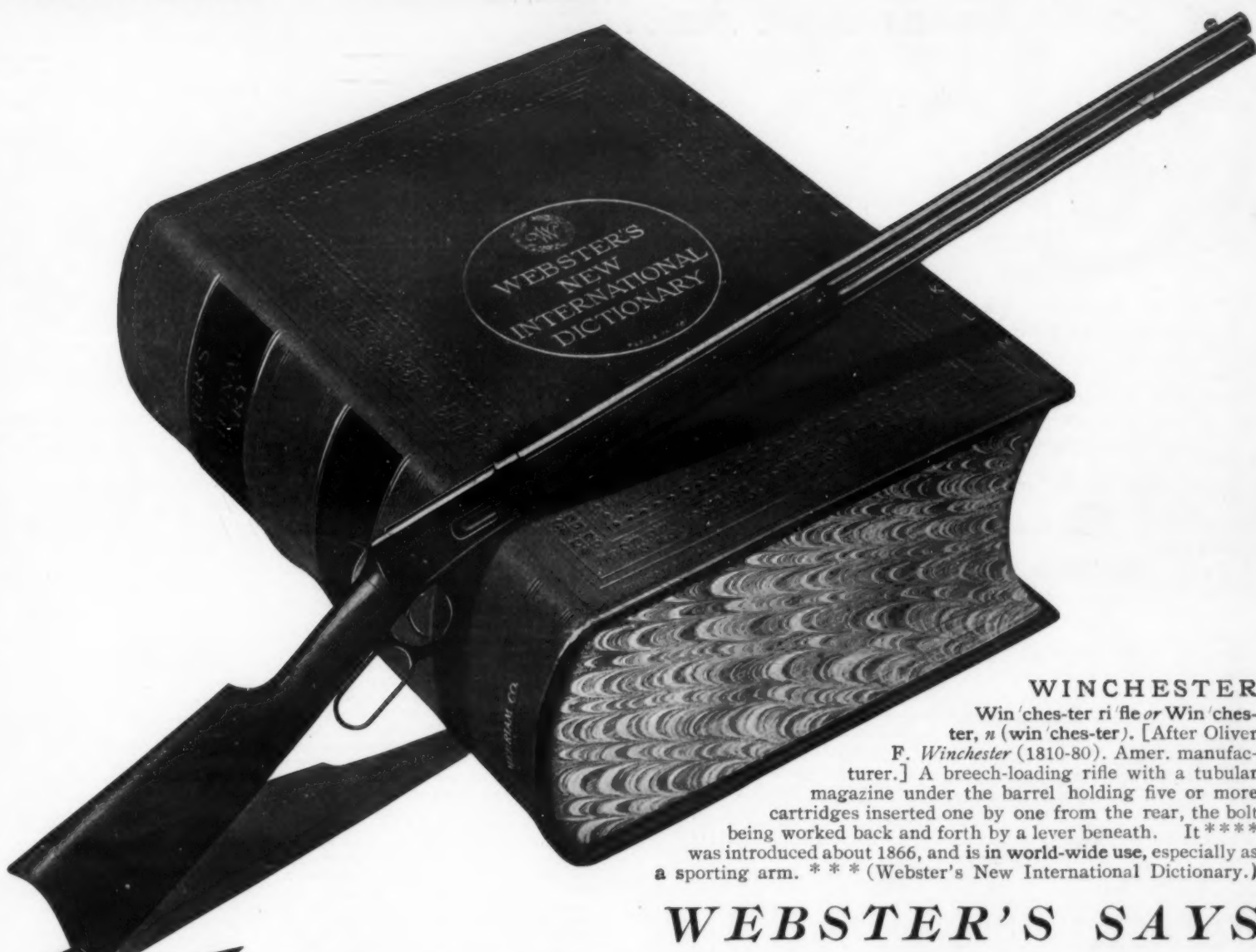
A TOLSTOYAN IN OFFICE

FOR the first time Creel had an administrative office in his hands. For fifteen years he had been telling officeholders how they ought to do things. Now he had a chance himself to do them and was eager to be at it. Human sympathy is dominant in Creel's life. He thinks government should be a fatherly, motherly, brotherly sort of institution. He was determined that his police department should be that, and began immediately to try to make it so by taking away the clubs from the policemen. "I'm a Tolstoyan," he says, "to the extent of believing that violence begets violence." He had looked up the record for several months past and found that three or four men a day had been clubbed and that the beaten men were usually drunkards. To the policemen he made the naive argument that they owed special deference to the drunkard, and that instead of clubbing him they should take care of him and send him home, because he was in reality their principal employer. The line of logic was this: The city in licensing the saloon is practically in the liquor business and from these licenses gets the money to pay policemen's salaries. The drunken man, prima facie, has been the city's best liquor customer, and therefore deserves special consideration.

Truly George Creel was a curious police commissioner!

Free speech had been an issue in Denver, efforts having been made to curb the utterances of the Industrial Workers of the World; but Creel said: "Let 'em talk!" After which the I. W. W. meetings became as innocuous as sewing circles. "It's when you bottle radicals up that they are dangerous," explained Creel. "Leave a rug on the lawn and the grass under it turns yellow. We don't want any yellow spots in Denver."

But the greatest battle was fought over the social evil, a question just then greatly to the fore in Denver. Everybody—ministers, newspapers, women's clubs, politicians—seemed to think it should be settled at once, and that Creel was the man to do it. Much of this clamor was hypocritical and designed to embarrass Creel, however, was willing enough to go at the question, but with this difference: he was in dead earnest and saw the situation to the bottom in

**WINCHESTER**

Win'ches-ter ri'fle or Win'ches-ter, *n* (win'ches-ter). [After Oliver F. Winchester (1810-80). Amer. manufacturer.] A breech-loading rifle with a tubular magazine under the barrel holding five or more cartridges inserted one by one from the rear, the bolt being worked back and forth by a lever beneath. It **** was introduced about 1866, and is in world-wide use, especially as a sporting arm. * * * (Webster's New International Dictionary.)

WEBSTER'S SAYS

W WINCHESTER W

REPEATING RIFLES ARE "IN WORLD-WIDE USE"

Webster's statement is authentic. It could have gone further and said with equal truth that Winchester rifles are "in world-wide use," because they have been found by sportsmen everywhere to be practical in design, strong in construction, dependable in operation, accurate in shooting, handsome in finish, and moderate in price. Another reason that Winchester rifles are "in world-wide use" is on account of their being made in all desirable calibers from .22 to .50 and in styles to suit every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste.

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WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES are also "in world-wide use." They are loaded with smokeless and black powders. In Winchester and all other rifles, and in revolvers they can always be depended upon to give shooting satisfaction.

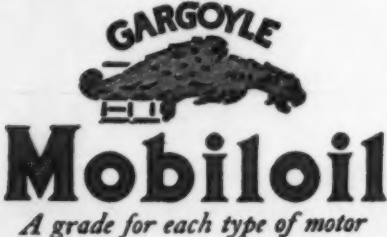
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Creel now became a greatly enlarged target for abuse from every quarter. His enemies massed their attacks. Incredible allegations and insinuations were hurled, but when it came to substantiating the charges the proof was lacking. Commissioner McGrew flashed a personal check which he had given to Creel in exchange for his salary warrant

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when the latter was going away to get married. The newspapers eagerly printed facsimiles of the check with the indorsement on the back by Creel to his wife's account. Creel replied by showing that McGrew had his money on the warrant long before the check was cashed, and that in any event it only proved his poverty. In the meantime an alderman was moving for the recall of Mayor Arnold on the ground that he had no right to suspend Creel, and the Mayor, "My dear Henry," was being quoted as saying that Creel had lied. Churches, nonpolitical clubs, ministers, priests, and public men were reported as indorsing Creel; while other good men, together with a most plentiful number of bad ones, were quoted as against him.

FROM DEFEAT A TRIUMPH

THE enemies, as if doubtful of the justice of their cause, were making frenzied efforts to dig up something in the record of Creel that would reflect upon his character. McGrew, with a great flourish of trumpets and many banzais from the "push," set sail for Kansas City to delve into Creel's past there. The Kansascitians tactfully waited for him to arrive, and then hurled a three-hundred-word telegram at Creel, signed by the Mayor and twenty-six other leading citizens, giving him a sun-white certificate of character. The endeavor to dig up anything detrimental in the career of Creel proved a ridiculous farce.

The day of Creel's trial upon the charges of the Mayor was set for February 15, one day after the election upon the long-debated question of commission government. Creel had fought for commission government so consistently, and his enemies had either bitterly opposed or so recently betrayed it, that it was impossible the election should not be viewed as in a very large sense the verdict of the people upon himself in his present embroilment. The verdict came, clear and strong. Commission government carried by a vote of two to one. Creel had won again!

And the next day Creel's hearing came off; but he was not heard; he was fired, peremptorily, unceremoniously, by "My dear Henry," for telling the truth straight into the eyes of a fellow commissioner, who was also one of "My dear Henry's" appointees. He was hurled ignominiously out of a position in which he had rendered distinguished service, being freely called "the best Police Commissioner Denver ever had."

There was an immediate move to make Creel a candidate for Commissioner under the new form at the polls in May—at which, by the way, Arnold and his candidates were utterly repudiated by the people—but Creel declined. He is not an office seeker. Temperamentally he does not feel that he is well qualified for administrative position.

As a politician Creel seeks no personal gain and no leadership for selfish ends. He has got nothing for his four years' service in Colorado but the most exposed place on the firing line. When his enemies proved that he was poor they proved also that he was incorruptible. The red badge of courage burns upon his cheek. He is ready to fight on and on. But some of his friends say that his work in Denver is done; that he has illumined the sky with colors that will never fade; that he has brought unsuspected truths of a political and social character home to the minds of the people with a force that makes them unforgettable; that he has achieved the greatest thing for which any leader can hope, the planting of his convictions within the soul of the masses so deeply that they seem to have become indigenous.

If this be true it is a very remarkable achievement for a man so young in four years' time in an alien State, when he has had no resource save his pen and his own madly blazing enthusiasms.

UNSCARRED AND UNAFAID

THE fine thing about it all is that this bitter battle leaves the man himself unscarred. He is thirty-six years old and does not look it. He talks of his experiences without malice and with no note of egotism. I found his interests entirely in movements and principles and masses, and not at all in personal achievements of himself or others, except as his face lights up with approval of the men who have fought for the good of Denver and of Colorado. He has been accused of disloyalty, but so far as the record goes he seems to have been loyal to friends until they became disloyal to the principles for which he was contending.

Why blame the tire maker?

If your tire bills are heavy weigh your car. Then compare its weight and tire sizes with those given below.

Good tire service is secured by a light-weight car with easy springs and large tires. There is no other solution of tire trouble; no other way to avoid excessive upkeep expense.

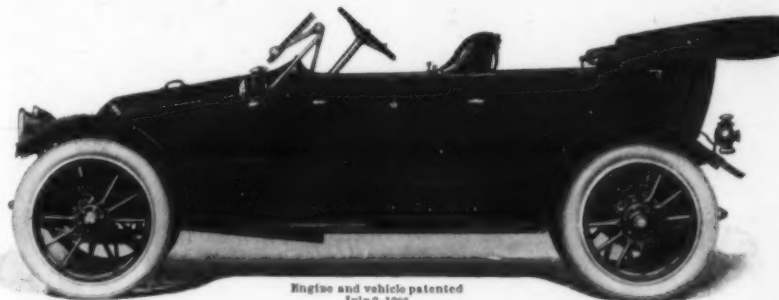
Franklin cars are the lightest for their size, power and speed. They carry the least unsprung weight. The power of the engine is transmitted through a flexible drive to the rear wheels without reach or torque rods. This saves in slippage wear on the rear tires. Here are the Franklin weights and tire sizes:

	Weight	Tires
Six "38" touring or phaeton	3328 pounds,	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and 5 in.
Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3480 "	5 in.
Little Six "30" touring	2993 "	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Four "25" touring	2520 "	4 in.

These weights include full equipment, gasoline and oil. In considering tire size bear in mind that the capacity of a tire to carry its load is practically all in the cross section of the tire and not in its diameter. A 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tire is 25 per cent more tire than a 4" tire of the same diameter. A 34x4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tire is 19 per cent more tire than a 36x4" tire and costs 15 per cent more.

The same tire goes twice as far on a Franklin

The actual figures are what count when you want the facts—and the facts show that Franklin owners get double tire mileage. Let us send you our "tire folder" which gives the tire mileage secured by Franklin owners in all parts of the country.



Franklin Little Six "30"
5-passenger touring car \$2900

Motoring comfort comes from easy riding, from tire reliability and from a light, easily managed car. Franklin easy riding is proverbial. Four full-elliptic springs and a wood chassis frame absorb the jars and jolts. The wood frame deadens jars the same as the wood handle does in a hammer. You drive the car right along smoothly and easily over all roads without fatigue and without straining and racking the car.

Since with a light car there is less weight to move, a smaller and more economical engine gives maximum speed and hill climbing.

Gasoline consumption cut in two

Light weight and direct cooling are saving Franklin users big fuel bills. Gasoline consumption is cut squarely in two. Direct cooling permits the motor to be operated at the temperature of maximum efficiency for gasoline vapor. Higher thermo-dynamic efficiency is secured and the full power of the gasoline is utilized. Fuel is saved from two ends, the amount consumed per unit of horse power and the amount necessary to produce power to drive the lighter car.

Four-hundred miles to a gallon of oil and no smoke with the Franklin recirculating oiling system is another advantage.

The Sirocco fan does it

Applying the patented Sirocco fan to engine cooling is one of the most important improvements ever made in automobiles. The fan is built into the flywheel. As soon as the motor begins to run the flywheel-fan starts a steady suction of air. This exhausts the air below the cylinders and causes fresh air to rush in through the front of the hood over and down through the sleeves that surround the cylinders with their radiating fins. This vigorous air current literally wipes the heat right off the cylinders. The belted fan, the air-cooled radiator and other heavy parts are dispensed with.

The Franklin is the only car that can be operated with consistent success in hot and cold climates, in mountainous and sandy sections. There is no water to limit efficiency, nothing in the cooling system to get out of order, nothing to oil or fill up. The cooling takes care of itself no matter how cold or hot the day.

Enclosed Cars—Franklin dealers have cuts and specifications of our new line of enclosed cars. There are coupes, limousines, Berlins and sedans.

Franklin cars are made as follows:

Franklin Six "38" 5-passenger touring	\$3600	Franklin Little Six "30" touring-car	
Franklin Six "38" 4-passenger phaeton	3600	or 2-passenger phaeton	\$2900
Franklin Six "38" 7-passenger touring	3850	Franklin Four "25" touring	2000

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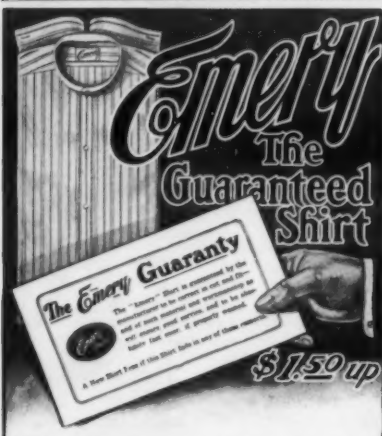
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Possibly nothing fitter could be done at this point than to quote a part of the statement of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, made on the day of Creel's removal:

George Creel is one of the great souls. His remarkable abilities, with which he could have coined thousands, have ever been devoted to the triumph of democracy and the attainment of equal justice. His whole life is a record of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity, and that poverty with which he has been taunted is his badge of honor. . . .

His services to Colorado will never be forgotten. Commencing with the initiative and referendum, his pen has been the largest single factor in the success of the progressive program in the city and

State. Working untiringly, giving to the full extent of his purse, and instinct with courage, he has been a flame of inspiration of the forward movement.

His discharge as Police Commissioner is a calamity. I cannot but feel that his vice policy contained the solution of the social evil, and that had he been allowed to finish the work he would have made Denver the standard and the example for every other American city.

He has been made to run a cruel gauntlet, but he emerges unscathed.

AND this is the man they are trying to drive out of Denver! Well, I hope they succeed, because we need him for taller tasks in broader fields.

A Quiet Life, or Life on the Quiet

(Continued from page 90)

veins. "It's about the stories of burglars, sir."

I decided to cease my interruptions, which seemed only to muddle my guest. "Go on," I instructed as I leaned back in my chair.

"You see, sir," he said, "the young gentlemen—and young ladies—who write about burglars, don't seem, sir, to know anything about burglars, sir—nothing whatever, sir. I can tell it from their writings, sir."

HIS earnestness increased. "In the stories I read, sir, it seems, sir, that burglars were either the lowest sort of rascals—murderers, sir—or else they were heroes, sir—willing to be arrested, sir; or shot, sir, to save the ladies, sir. You may know what I mean, sir?" he questioned, glancing over his shoulder as though fearing eavesdropping. "I read a story, sir, where a burglar allowed himself to be shot just to give the lady's lover a chance to get away, sir. He was shot by the master, sir."

"Did the old man tumble?" I burst in, unable to control my curiosity over the outcome of the fictional drama of high life.

"Oh, no, sir! I suppose you mean was the lady's indiscretion discovered, sir? Not at all, sir—at least not in the story, sir," he qualified.

"But that isn't it, sir," he continued. "That isn't it. What I object to, sir, is writing about things that never could occur to a burglar, sir. It gives people like Mrs. Roddy an entirely wrong estimate of burglars, sir."

His last sentence had the solemnity of an indictment. I decided on an attempt to worm out a definite expression of the views of my odd guest.

"Look here, Mr. Opt," I demanded. "What are you getting at? That there is no romance in a burglar's life? Is that what you mean?"

The man's face was transfigured as though with inner joy. "That's the word, sir—romance, sir," he said happily. "That's exactly what I was trying to say, sir. I wish to make it plain that there is—positively—no romance in the life of a burglar, sir; simply hard work, sir; hard work and great nervous strain, sir."

I will admit a certain feeling of apprehension that was rather increased than allayed by Mr. Opt's little smile. Possibility that the man might be a little insane flashed through my mind. I recollected his promised acceptance of my earlier invitation and ventured to renew it.

"How about that little drink, Opt?" I interrupted.

"Oh, please, sir!" he begged. "Just a few moments. Just while I explain—explain so that you can make it plain to your writer friends that burglars as a class have been greatly maligned—maligned is the word, I believe? That they are hard-working men with no romance in their lives, sir. None at all, sir."

I could not resist his plea, but decided to end our little confab as soon as possible. "All right, Mr. Opt," I said rather briskly. "I can't see where your theory of hard work and lack of romance in a burglar's life is of great interest to a busy world, but I have no objection to hearing you out." I was struck with a new idea. "By the way, Opt," I queried, "how do you come to know so much about burglars?"

Mr. Opt looked at me solemnly. "Why shouldn't I know all about burglars, sir?" he questioned simply. "Why shouldn't a man know about his own business, sir?"

I was too startled to speak, but my involuntary jump seemed to enlighten my guest.

"Excuse me, sir," he apologized.

"Please excuse me. I believe I had told you that I was a burglar, sir. It must be my falling memory, sir. Yes, sir; I've followed the profession for twenty years, sir. Nearly half my life, sir. And I never had what you might call an adventure in my life, sir."

I made no attempt to disguise my stare at the self-confessed criminal who was my guest. I took time to examine his slight frame; the delicate hands, hardly larger than a girl's, the thinning hair and stooped shoulders that gave him the appearance of a superannuated clerk or bookkeeper. I compared him mentally with the generally accepted idea of the low-browed, thuggish, murderous invader of homes. I felt inclined to laugh.

"Don't you think you're taking a long chance in giving yourself away to me?" I asked him.

MR. OPT showed no sign of disquietude. "Oh, no, sir," he returned calmly. "You're a gentleman, sir. I could see you were a gentleman right away, sir. I knew you would treat anything I told you as strictly confidential, sir. I have been very close to gentlemen in my life, sir. I never make a mistake in picking a gentleman," he finished with no apparent attempt at flattery.

He dismissed the point with a wave of his hand. "Now about burglars, sir," he resumed.

"How did you come to take up burgling for a living?" I broke in.

Mr. Opt evidently resented the interruption but was unable to combat his desire to please.

"It was the prison, sir. That's it, sir. After the prison it seemed that there was nothing else I could do, sir."

"You! In prison?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes, sir. I was in prison, sir. Two years, sir. I suppose I should have told you right away, sir." He bowed his head. "Did they catch you burgling?" I queried.

"Oh, sir, no!" he insisted. "Not at all, sir." He smiled quizzically. "I really hadn't done anything, sir."

"Well in the name of Peter Cook!" I exclaimed. I felt a deep desire to grab Mr. Opt's story by its metaphorical tail and drag it from the hole of his past. I got no further.

"It was nothing, sir," Mr. Opt broke in. "I don't blame the master, sir. Not at all, sir. He could hardly do anything else, sir. It was either I or Florette, sir. Either she or I, sir."

"Florette!" I grabbed at the new point. "Who the blazes is Florette?"

"Florette?" he repeated after me. "Oh, of course you could not have known, sir, that Florette was the second maid, sir."

MY patience was waning. I stood up, then paced across the room and back. Mr. Opt did not raise his eyes.

"Now look here, Opt," I insisted when I was seated again. "Let's get this thing straightened out before I begin to see pink things with green wings. If I understand this, you are trying to convince me that the ordinary burglar is just a common run of man with a trade that has neither romance nor adventure. He is neither a Raffles nor a yegg. And you are trying to prove it with your own story! Am I right?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Opt answered. "I think I follow you. You see, sir—"

"Now go to it!" I ordered. "Tell the history of your life. Begin with Florette and the master and anything else concerned in your trip to the jug."

Mr. Opt nodded his acquiescence. "I will, sir," he said.

"You see, sir, Florette was the second

maid, as I told you. I was a gentleman's man, sir; attended the master, sir, when the brooch was taken—

"What brooch?" I interrupted.

"Oh, the mistress's brooch, sir," he explained. "You see, sir, Florette was tempted beyond endurance, sir. It was too much for her."

"She might have returned it, sir," he insisted hurriedly. "I am sure she would have returned it. But you see the mistress discovered that it was gone and there was an awful go, sir—an awful go. When we were all put in the dining room to be searched by the police there was no chance, sir. She had it in her apron pocket, sir."

"Who had it in whose apron pocket?" I asked the clumsy question with a sarcasm that was lost on Mr. Opt.

"Florette, sir. I thought I told you, sir. They would have found it in a moment, sir. As it was, I had trouble convincing them, sir."

"Convincing them of what?" I asked.

"Convincing them that I took it, sir," he replied with apparent surprise. "You see, I had to tell them that I dropped it in her pocket, and they seemed to doubt me, sir. You see, I had seen her grab the pocket in her fright, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me, Opt, that you confessed to stealing and went to prison to save a thieving maid?" I demanded. I guess there was contempt in my voice. Mr. Opt became earnest.

"Oh, she wasn't exactly a thieving maid, sir—not at all, sir. Just a girl, sir; a mere child, sir; tempted for a moment, as we might say, sir. It would have been terrible for her—the prison, I mean, sir. Since we were married, sir—"

"Wait, Opt!" I was in a maze. "Is Florette your wife?"

"Yes, sir," he returned. "Yes, sir. I loved her. You see, she waited for me. We were married the day I came out of prison, sir. I didn't tell you that my wife was Florette, did I, sir?" he said, as though apologizing for an omission.

I FELT a sudden admiration for the little man who told me his story of heroism so simply. "Well, for a man who is using his life story to prove that romance is dead you are making a good start," I ventured. "What happened when you came out?"

"Well, you see, sir, I had no character and it was impossible to get a place, sir. Really impossible, sir. I tried everything, sir. Worked with a pick in the street, sir; and on the railroad, sir. We might have made out but for the baby, sir."

"The baby?" I decided to miss no details.

"Yes, sir; our boy, sir. He's in college now, sir," he said proudly. "The mother was very sick, sir. A long time, sir. It took all our little savings, sir—the illness did, sir—that and the car fare, sir."

"Car fare?" I asked. I had discovered that I could sidetrack the little man with the most laconic query.

"Yes, sir. He was but a lad, sir. It was a boy I met in prison, sir. A splendid lad, sir. You see, he was sick, sir

—sick and broken-hearted, sir. He was a victim of the police, sir. They would soon have made a bad man of him, sir. He could not escape from them. You see, he struck the son of a big politician for insulting a girl, sir. He was the son of a widow and had no friends, sir. He was sentenced to a year and placed with the worst criminals in the prison, sir. When he got out the police had orders to bound him on every occasion. We felt sorry for him, sir."

"What did you do?" I inquired.

"We gave him enough money to go West, sir. Only a few dollars, but it was all we had, sir."

"That left you broke?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir; without a cent, sir. But if it hadn't been for the police, sir—" He shivered slightly as though at recollections of some deep fear.

"You see, sir," he explained, "the police found out about our helping the boy out of the city and beyond their reach. They punished me, sir."

HE seemed content to drop the subject of the police. I wished to hear more. "What did they do?" I asked.

"Oh, everything, sir!" He lowered his voice until it was almost a whisper. I thought I saw tears in his eyes.

"You see, sir, the police knew that I had been in prison. They used that against me, sir. They told my employers—every one, sir. I could get no work, sir. Then when I couldn't go out—"

"What kept you from going out?" I demanded.

"The police, sir," he answered, as though surprised at my ignorance. "The police. They arrested me every time I went out on the street, sir. They said I was an habitual criminal—a dangerous man, sir. Once I was clubbed, sir."

"What for?" I insisted.

"I was trying to get some bread, sir. I bought it—a stale loaf for three cents, sir. I was taking it to our room, sir, when a policeman arrested me. Said I stole it, sir. When I proved I bought it, sir, they clubbed me, sir."

"How did it end?" I queried.

"I was coming to that, sir. You see when they stopped the charitable ladies—"

"What's that?" I feared to miss a detail.

"Oh, you see, the ladies had been helping my wife; bringing her coal and food, sir. Then they were told that I was a loafer, sir; a mere loafer and jailbird, sir. I offered to go without food myself if they would allow my wife to have it, sir. I told the ladies so, sir. God bless them, sir."

"What did the ladies do?" I asked as he paused.

"They were very kind, sir; and very angry at the police, sir. They made the deuce of a row, sir. But it was no use, sir. They told me it was no use, sir. They advised me to leave, sir."

"Then I left, sir. Slipped out at night, sir. I went to Chicago, sir."

"And your wife?" I suggested.

"The charitable ladies took care of her until I sent for her, sir; for a year, sir. They were very good, sir."



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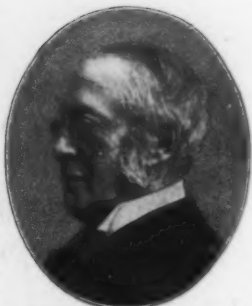
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"Why Opt, old scout, it's the easiest thing in the world,"
I said. "I know the young buck she's about to marry"



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He seemed to have completed his domestic story. "How did you come to take up burglary as a regular job?" I asked.

"I hardly know how to tell you, sir," he said. "You see I had to have money to send my wife and the baby, sir. I was afraid to ask for work—afraid of the police, sir. So I stole, sir."

"How often have you been pinched since?" I queried.

"Oh, never, sir!" There was pride in his voice. "I suppose you mean arrested, sir? The police are really most stupid—most stupid when matched against men with brains. You see I planned carefully—very carefully. I told you of the mental strain, sir. You see, sir, that I never took anything but money, sir—nothing but money. And always from the rich—always from those who could afford it, sir. You see, sir, I had been a gentleman's man as I said, sir, and I could always make my plans with the knowledge gained while I was employed in big houses, sir."

"Have you made a living?" I asked. "Oh, yes, sir," he answered. "A very good living, sir. In fact I have enough to live on, sir. I am about to retire, sir. I leave for home to-morrow, sir. That's why I asked you about the ring, sir. I—"

I felt a twinge of suspicion. He stopped and watched me as I pulled the ring from my pocket. "Opt, did you steal—"

He gestured protest. "Oh, no, sir!" He seemed pained. "Please don't think that of me, sir." He rose abruptly. "Good night, sir," he said as he sidled through the door.

I DREAMED of Mr. Opt that night. At breakfast my preoccupation attracted the attention of Rebecca our maid and waitress. "Law, mister, you can't eat soft-billed eggs with a fork," she observed. "You look like you been seein' a ha'nt." When I went out I found Mr. Opt waiting in the hall. We left the house together. He walked by my side for a block before he spoke.

"I wish to apologize, sir," he began. "I could think of nothing requiring apology and said so. He seemed surprised."

"I am so glad, sir," he said. "I was afraid that I was discourteous in leaving you so abruptly last night. And I wished to bid you good-by, sir," he continued.

"You're really going then?" I asked. "Where's your baggage?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he replied. "Going on the next train, sir. I thought you might walk to the station with me," he said wistfully. "I have something to explain, sir. About my baggage, sir," he went on. "I always leave it, sir. That's one of my precautions, sir. Never have baggage to be traced, sir." I looked at him sharply. He must have read my thought. "Oh, it's all right, sir. I have paid board three weeks in advance, sir. The good Mrs. Roddy will lose nothing, sir."

We walked on in silence for a time; then I felt him tug at my sleeve.

"About the ring, sir," he said timidly. "I hope you impugn no wrong motive, sir. You see, sir, we consider it a point of honor to help the young, sir. Especially the young ladies, sir. Miss Truax might have discovered that her ring was plated—that it was bogus, sir. It might have made her very unhappy, sir. And we try to help young ladies, sir; as we would wish our own daughter—"

"You have a daughter?" I inquired. "Oh, yes, sir. A beautiful girl, sir. She is about to be married, sir. That's one of the reasons why I am quitting—"

He stopped without naming his unlawful vocation. He paused for a moment before he spoke again.

"You see, sir," he resumed, "I was afraid you might think that I was using the ring to enlist your sympathy—to get you to take up for burglars in your writings—or in your friends' writings, sir. I really had no such intention. I assure you, sir. I meant only to appeal to your sense of justice, sir. That was all, sir. To have you believe that burglars may be human—just like other men, sir."

WE were approaching the station and had slowed our pace. I turned to look at the patient little figure at my side—and could not repress a grin. I slapped Mr. Opt on the back.

"Oh, you concentrated essence of crime," I chuckled. "You thief without guile. You adventurer without adventures. Jugged for a good deed; then

criminal for twenty years—and never caught red—"

"Beg pardon, sir," Mr. Opt broke in. "I hope I did not give you the impression that I was never caught, sir. I meant that I was never arrested, sir. Simply that, sir. You see, the lady was so good, sir."

I GRABBED his arm. "Tell me about the lady, Opt," I demanded. We had entered the station. Mr. Opt looked at the clock nervously and compared his watch. "If you'll walk out to the train, sir," he agreed.

"There is really nothing to tell, sir. Nothing but the kindness of the lady, sir. Somebody would surely have reached her in time to save the baby, sir."

"Another baby?" I gasped.

"Oh, the lady's baby, sir. You see, I never should have entered the house; but I needed the money very badly, sir. It was while our girl was little, sir—about two years old, sir. We were very poor yet, sir."

"You see, sir, I was desperate—really desperate. I entered the house through the basement. Careless servants left the window open. It tempted me, sir. I saw the light in the nursery, sir; but it was far out in the wing, and I thought I was safe. I went to the second floor, sir. I had just found the money in the master's room, sir—over a hundred dollars, sir. I hid behind the curtains when I heard the lady come from the nursery."

"She was crying—crying pitifully, sir. And begging over the telephone, sir. It was a lonely house out in the suburbs, sir. 'Won't you please send the doctor!' she kept saying. 'I tell you he's dying—my baby!'"

"I could hear the baby, sir. That awful choking of croup, sir. What else could I do, sir?"

"What did you do?" I demanded.

"I put the money back, sir. And went to her, sir. She was all alone in the house with the baby, sir. Her husband was away and the servants had deserted her to go to a party while she was holding the sick child, sir. They didn't know it was serious, sir—not at all, sir," he apologized for them.

"Did the lady scream?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir. She only wanted help, sir. I believe the doctor was on his way, sir. There were no motor cars in those days, you know," he explained.

"Did you save the baby?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes, sir. You see I knew something of the disease, sir. Our boy had it, sir. So I went to the stable and got some lime. Slacked it in a bucket, sir. And we held the baby's face in the vapor, sir. He was quite easy when the doctor came, sir."

We reached the train and Mr. Opt stepped up on the platform of the last car. "Did she tell the doctor you was a burglar?" I hurried my question.

"Oh, no, sir. He never asked, sir. We were very busy until the servants returned, sir. Then he left the house while I was locked up, sir, and—"

"Locked up?" I snapped, in an effort to get the story before the train started.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Opt stated placidly.

"You see, the servants took me for a burglar, sir, and locked me in the coal bin. But she released me as soon as she heard of it, sir. She asked me about myself, sir. I told her about my little girl. She seemed much interested, sir. When I left her she thanked me very much. And then she gave me some money, sir. She was very good, sir. I hurried back home, one hand holding the money and the other the shoes, sir."

The train moved. I ran alongside.

"What shoes?" I yelled.

Mr. Opt leaned far out to make his apology.

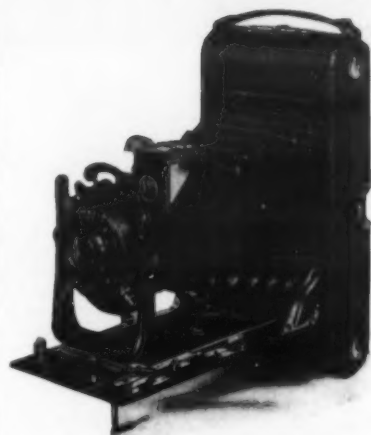
"I thought I told you, sir. The pair of shoes she gave me for my baby, sir."

THE absence of Mr. Opt was a subject for comment at dinner that night.

Miss Bessie Truax kept her left hand above the table throughout the meal. She flashed the diamond in her new engagement ring as she emphasized her remarks with gestures.

"Nice, quiet little man," she commented. "Looks kinda close-fisted and not likely to allow any nickels to roll past him to anybody else, though."

"Don't know how such scary little skates get along in New York," Doc Spears offered in judgment. "He ought to beat it out to some little burg before he gets stepped on. I'd die if I had to lead a quiet life like such guys. I need excitement, I do!"



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The Left-Behind

(Continued from page 17)

of Jerry Shanway were again being taken in the Tralsing Bertillon rooms, and the figure of Jerry was again before the warden.

But in spite of the hopelessness in the eyes, in spite of the stoop to the shoulders which had not been there when he left, in spite of the fact that a criminal court had padlocked eighteen more years of Jerry's life for the same old offense, still a smile played about the lips.

"Honest, I tried," he said, and the crinkling lines of the mouth spoke more pathos than tears, "but some way I just couldn't. Maybe it's best. I'd have done it anyway, and this way I won't lose much time working for the Home. None of the folks outside'd listen to me. Guess they thought I was cracked. I'll just have to keep on selling trinkets and geegaws and—"

"Jerry"—the tone of the warden's interrupting voice had a streak of steel in it—"I'm afraid I can't put up with that foolishness this time. We've tried to be good to you and you don't seem to appreciate it. So—"

"But I do, Mr. Warden. It just seems—"

"No more talking from you, Jerry. You're out of the trusty class now."

THE lips of the convict opened, then closed—wordlessly. He realized that he was now only a number. He could only speak when spoken to. He was to have none of the old privileges that he possessed when he worked in the chaplain's office. Blankly, he saw the warden pick up his pen and write upon the heavy book before him. He strained his eyes to see the fate that was to befall him. Slowly he read:

"Jerry Shanway, 2423—Mine No. 17."

Thus it came about that Jerry Shanway was metamorphosed into a number, a being of darkness. Daylight had sped for him. With the early morning he arose and dressed in the mining clothes of the prison. He affixed his head lamp. He joined the solid, marching lines of men and went silently to the mess hall. He marched forth to where the elevators creaked as they lowered him with the guards and other silent workmen into the deep shaft of the prison's coal mines. Once a week, on Sundays, he could live again—live in the light of the great prison yards; he could laugh and talk, for laughing and talking was permitted there. He could go to chapel and look into the face of Mr. Trevitt, who had been so good to him. It was on those days that Jerry smiled more than usual. Perhaps some day they would let him go back to the chaplain's office and work on his scheme. And perhaps some day, when that happened, he would be sitting there at his little table, working away when the bell on the wall would ring. He would leap up and answer it, and there would come a voice from the gate saying that some one—a little girl—desired to see Jerry Shanway, and that she was being brought in.

BUT dreams are vague things. Day after day passed—week after week, month after month, and Jerry was still a number, still a member of the drill squad in Mine No. 17, where a guard watched by the flickering rays of the tiny lanterns; where Black Turner, murderer, rubbed elbows with him and cursed under his breath when the drill was going loud enough to drown the sound of his voice; where Gang Smith, outlaw, exchanged meaning glances with Turner when the "shooting" or dynamite gang left the least opportunity open for a chance at the deadly sticks of explosive; where all was black and confining and disheartening. But Jerry still smiled and Jerry still hoped. A half a year went gliding by like a gray ghost at midnight, and there came the time when the smile vanished for periods from the face of Jerry Shanway, No. 2423. There came the time when the eyes lost their light and the brow crumpled. Hope was going. Seventeen years and a half lay ahead—seventeen years in which he must continue to "work" at the prison, in which he must refrain from the sight of the only being on earth whom he loved. Perhaps when the end of that came she would have learned. She would know that it was a different sort of work which held her daddy behind stone walls. She would be grown then—perhaps married. He would be—suddenly he shivered at the thought that he might be dead. And it was as he stood

thus while the drill ground on into the black mineral ahead and the guard wandered a bit farther away than usual that Black Turner leaned suddenly toward him and began to whisper:

"Ye ain't feelin' as pert?"

JERRY shook his head.

"No," he answered.

Black Turner regarded him for a moment.

"Want to see your kid, huh?"

Jerry could only show by his eyes what he felt. The man beside him cast a quick glance over his shoulder.

"Listen," he said, "are ye willin' to take risks? We've got it framed, see?" he went on without waiting for an answer. "Ye know th' turn in th' tunnel? It ain't more'n ten feet from th' edge o' th' bluffs, see? We could make it through there in no time. We gotta get th' guard outa th' way—then we'll blow th' main tunnel—Gang's copped some juice. That'll cave us in an' hold out th' prison bunch. They won't think about th' bluff. They don't know it. I do—I know every lurch of it. We'll slough the guard, then—"

Jerry had laid a hand on his arm.

"Not that," he pleaded. "You don't know what you're up against. They'd get you again. They've tried to be decent to us. It ain't their fault we're here—it ain't his!" He nodded toward the guard. "We can't do it, Black. It ain't right. It—"

"Ain't right?" Black Turner laughed softly. "You fool." Suddenly, though, his face grew grim. "You're not goin' to squeal on us? Huh?"

Jerry straightened.

"Better put that dynamite back, Turner," he said slowly.

"Put it back? No—"

"Put it back—hear me?"

"Goin' to squeal on us, huh?" He looked sharply over his shoulder again. He leaned toward Gang Smith.

"His back's turned," Black said shortly, pointing to the guard. "I'll get him. Grab th' juice and fix for th' blow-up. Quick!"

A BLOW struck Jerry under the chin. He reeled, but did not fall. Again the gigantic arm of Black Turner shot out as he plunged past toward the guard. But this time it encountered only vacancy. Jerry had jumped far to one side. His voice was screaming:

"Guard! Guard! Behind you!"

A whirl of the figure in the semidarkness beyond. A shot. Black Turner staggered, but went on. Jerry screamed again, then jumped forward and upon the back of Gang Smith, where that being of the night was clawing forth the white sticks of dynamite from a coal-dust hiding place. Again a shot from the short distance. Vaguely Jerry heard some one groan and fall, but he did not turn. Gang Smith had torn his light from his head and, knocking the cap from the blaze, was pushing it toward the fuses of the dynamite sticks he held in his hands.

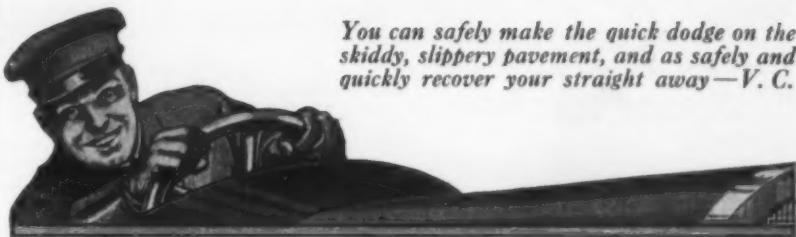
"They won't get me alive!" he growled savagely. "Let go of me—hear me! Let go! By God, they won't get me alive! They won't get me alive!"

A cry broke from his lips then. The clamping jaws of Jerry Shanway had fastened on the wrist which held the light, the bony fist of a clenched hand was beating against the fingers that clasped the dynamite.

The teeth sank deeper. Another cry. The hand opened. The lamp fell to the ground. Jerry's fist went upward and struck the heavy jaw of the other convict. The dynamite dropped as the opponent fell backward. From down the way came the sound of some one running. Jerry plunged forward to grip again the convict before him just as Gang Smith rose from the floor of the tunnel, a drill bit glittering in his hand.

"Squeal on us, will you?" he shouted with a curse, "then—" A crashing blow. The tunnel flared red before the reeling man's eyes. Jerry's legs doubled beneath him. His hands went weakly outward, then became lifeless, just as the guards arrived.

A half hour later they carried Jerry into the hospital ward of the prison and laid him on the operating table. The surgeon gave a quick glance at the ears and nostrils for the signs of bleeding that would denote a basic fracture of the skull—the signs that spell death. There were none.



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"Concussion, I guess," he said to his assistant, and placed his hands on the unresisting head of Jerry. Here and there his fingers pressed. Suddenly they stopped, and for a second a blank look came into the face of the surgeon. "The razor," he ordered, and shaved the hair from a patch of Jerry's head. Then his fingers pressed again, and he stepped back.

"What's this fellow been up for?" he asked of the hospital guard.

"Who? Jerry?" The guard grinned. "Same old thing all the time—can't keep his hands off other people's stuff."

"I thought so," the surgeon answered slowly. "kleptomaniac. Best of all, it isn't his fault. See that depression there?" He pointed to the shaven place on the unconscious convict's head. "I thought that was a fracture when I first got hold of it. It was—once. Ever hear of his having been hurt at any time?"

"I don't know much about him," the guard answered. The surgeon turned to regard his patient again.

"No wonder he stole"—the surgeon was talking to himself in a professional sort of way—"no wonder, with a piece of an old fracture pressing on his brain! I think"—and he turned to the guard—"when I get through repairing Jerry's cranium that you'll lose a regular customer. Jerry's been stealing by accident—brain pressure from an old fracture."

AND so it came to pass that some time later Jerry Shanway, coming forth from the black pit of an anesthetic, opened his eyes to gaze into a countenance he recognized. It was the face

of a woman, with pretty eyes and straying hair. She took his hand and smiled. "How do you feel?" she asked, soothingly.

Jerry worked his lips soundlessly for a moment. Then his thick tongue managed to frame words, halted in their plunging progress from his brain.

"Did he fix me up—all right?"

DR. JORDON, standing near by, nodded and smiled.

"All fixed up, Jerry," was his comment; "you're a new man, so to speak." He laughed. Jerry smiled weakly again, then turned to the woman.

"I knew—I knew you'd come some time," he said slowly. She leaned toward him.

"I've come to give you another chance," was her answer. "You're safe this time, Jerry. I've heard—"

"Another chance—then you—?"

"Gave you the first one? Yes. I'm the wife of the Governor, you know."

"Oh—" Jerry sank back. His lips struggled again. "Maybe—maybe you'd—"

"About the home?" she nodded and smiled again. "That's all being attended to. But there's a little something—something else—"

The telephone on the wall rang. She answered it while the surgeon looked on with twinkling eyes, and Jerry watched with the reverence of a dog for his master. The woman with the wavy hair laughed softly.

"There's some one at the gate to see you," she said as she turned to Jerry. "It's a little girl, and she's coming right in."

The House of Devils

(Continued from page 8)

night? I ought not to have let you stay. I was tired. But I might have known."

She drove me from the room with cold reproaches. I retreated before her. I could not excuse myself. My grandmother, still upright in her bed, began to sink, collapsing slowly like a deflated whistle. She never spoke again.

WE stood in the narrow churchyard path, staring at the moldy vault to which all my piratical ancestors have finally retreated, after smugglers' caves and dungeons have ceased to interest them. There were no mourners. My aunt, rigid and repellent in rusty black, the overseer's son, and I—we three listened in the green churchyard while the clergyman invoked peace on my grandmother's unhallowed bones, and away below, at the foot of the cliff, blue water ruffled over the reef, and over bones that had lain disregarded there almost a hundred years. "A very handsome, fair fellow," my grandmother had found him, the night she went a-wrecking. The overseer's son held his hat in his hand. His forehead was white above his tanned face. The sun glinted on his hair. How anything so wholesome ever came to Baron's House—They were closing the door of the vault. The clergyman addressed my aunt. My grandmother had put papers in his hands many years before—a holograph will, in fact. If the exertion was not too great, after this trying experience, would she come to the rectory for a few minutes? It would save time and travel. My aunt went with him through the little iron gate where red hibiscus pushed out from the luminous rectory garden, and an orange flamboyant tree glowed overhead. They left me unheeded in the churchyard. An emerald humming bird flew out of the hibiscus and darted away. I walked down the winding path, and stopped by the iron fence at the cliff's edge. Far below in the sunny valley royal palms diminished to weeds. Beyond the Leach, colored water ran to the rim of the world. The overseer's son followed me, and stood.

"May I ask what are your plans?" he addressed me.

I raised my eyebrows at him. "I expect to go home with my aunt." The overseer's son looked distressed.

"I should have liked, with your permission, to discuss your future with the rector."

"You are too good," I assured him. "Your aunt," he hesitated. "She is—peculiar. I am not wholly at ease while you are so alone."

"You are kind to concern yourself," I said. "It is quite outside the terms of your agreement, is it not?"

He turned red.

"I know my place very well," he re-

torted. "And still—I am concerned for you. Your aunt is a strange woman. If you will pardon me, she comes of a strange race. And I think she does not like you."

"What would you suggest?" I asked. "Where should I go?"

"Would you be willing, if I could arrange it, to spend the week with the rector's wife?"

"I shouldn't care to," I said. "And if I did? What then?"

"Your grandmother will doubtless have left you a share in the estate. We'd manage it somehow. You could return to the United States. You have surely connections there."

"I haven't any," I contradicted him. "One can't live with school friends. I've nobody but my aunt. And I like Barbados. And you said yourself the estate was involved."

"I'd manage it somehow," he repeated. "You're determined I shall leave?"

"I'd go a considerable length to compass it."

I WAS piqued. I shook my head. I pulled a small white lily from a crack between the stones of a grave.

"That funeral flower doesn't suit you," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "You should always have flaming cordia in your hair, like that first morning." He paused. "Of course you know very well, my dear girl," he began again with deliberate familiarity, "that the overseer's son has been fool enough to fall in love with the daughter of the house. This tactless avowal makes it difficult for us both to stay there, doesn't it? That's why I mentioned it. Obviously, I've got to stay. So there's another good reason for your leaving."

I did not reply. My gaze seemed to affect him uncomfortably.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he murmured in another voice, "and do you think it's easily borne to see you go?"

I had a queer feeling. I shook it off.

"Nonsense," I dismissed his arguments. "Really," I said, "one doesn't leave home because one's overseer is presumptuous. One has other motives."

"We all have various motives and ambitions," he answered quietly. He laid his hand on the vault from which I had torn the lily.

"She was cut down like a flower," ran the legend on the stone.

"They say this young girl danced too much with the prince when he was here," said the overseer's son ironically. "If one can dance too much with a prince. She caught cold and died in a few weeks. Touching. Yet an occasion for gratification too. Semele in the blast of Jove. Well, we should all seek our own safe level, no doubt."

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I pulled the lily petals apart, and dropped them on the flat stone beside me. So there lay a girl who had danced herself to death with a prince. The prince was dead now, too. He died a king, old and fat and bearded. Would she have cared so much to dance with him, if she could have guessed him old? And there lay my mummylike grandmother, who had gone recklessly in satin slippers. Should I be like her some day? Even an overseer's son wouldn't want me then. I wondered if my grandmother and that old king had found anything so good as love and youth in their long lives. The rector pushed open the garden gate, and came hurriedly to join us. He looked disturbed.

"This is a very trying situation," he announced. "Very embarrassing." He addressed himself to me. I had mysteriously begun to exist for him. "It appears that Mrs. Johns has passed over her daughter's claim in favor of her son and the heirs of his body. You are his sole heir, as I understand it. I had, of course, no such suspicion. Family differences, I believe—high-strung temperament—on both sides, perhaps. I had no suspicion. Your aunt says little, but is strongly moved. I can see that. This is most unfortunate. From her point of view, that is to say. I congratulate you heartily. I am sure you will make generous provision for her."

I saw the black-velled figure of my aunt emerge from the little gate, and pass swiftly out of sight behind an angle of the church. I ran after her.

"You must hear the will," remonstrated the rector, hurrying behind me.

"I don't care anything about the will," I refused him. "I can't understand legal papers."

There was something tragic in that angry old woman threading her way among the graves.

"I will stay to talk over Miss Johns's interest with you, if you like," the overseer's son offered to the rector behind me.

MY aunt was getting into the carriage without a backward look. I jumped in after her. With a furious movement she swept her skirt away from me. I could not see her expression through the heavy veil. We drove home in utter silence.

There were flying fish for supper, always flying fish, three times a day.

"The carving knife, Susy," said my aunt abruptly.

It was the first time she had spoken. Susy brought the knife from the sideboard drawer. "Why should anybody want a carving knife for flying fish?" asked her puzzled face.

My aunt felt the blade, ran it between her fingers, staring reflectively at me. After a while she laid it down unused. Susy handed me the platter of little fish.

My aunt ate nothing. I gathered my resolution, and followed her when she rose from the table.

"Aunt, I want to speak to you," I began. The face she presented almost froze my words, but I went on timidly. "The rector said, grandmother—"

She turned her back and left me. She climbed the creaking stair. I heard her shut herself in my grandmother's room.

Susy went through the long vestibule, locking doors, bolting windows. She carried the keys upstairs to my aunt. Then she disappeared.

I retreated to my dressing room. I could see the sun, low and red over the water. It was a good companion, but it, too, would soon leave me. The door of my bedroom gaped gloomily behind me. Here were my gaudy cordia flowers on the dressing table, bright in the departing sun. I tried them behind my ear. I studied the effect with a hand glass. They did look nice. Lilies were not vivid enough for me, a descendant of bucaniers.

I LEANED on the window sill and looked down the road toward the overseer's cottage. The swift southern twilight fell.

A light shone in the cottage window. The overseer's son had come home. Now that the sun was gone, everything looked hostile out there, except the little distant light. Glittering stars appeared. One was so bright it made a track across the water like a moon.

Down in the quarters a negro was chanting and playing on a queer, monotonous instrument like a crude guitar. But in the house everything was quiet. I could hear the walls crackle. And still I could not bear to go to bed through that gloomy door.

I sat watching the night advance. The singing ceased. Suddenly, in my grandmother's room, my aunt laughed.

The sound came to me quite clearly,

and gave me a sick feeling in my heart. I would not stay there alone another instant. I was afraid.

I MOVED silently into the hall. I need not pass that room. My slippers seemed to thunder on the floor, but she was walking about now, and did not hear me. I crept down the stair. As I went, my grandmother's door opened. I was in a panic in the darkness. My aunt came along the hall. She followed me down the stair. Between the rooms, Venetian screen doors folded back into deep recesses. I stepped into this shelter. My aunt passed into the dining room, carrying her little lamp. I heard a drawer of the sideboard open. Metal rattled. My aunt came out again, still carrying the lamp, her other hand dropped among the folds of her skirt. The long blade of a carving knife gleamed for an instant below her hidden hand.

She began to climb the stair. The dry, old mahogany snapped under her tread. I stood, frozen.

Now she was at the top. Now she was at my door. In an instant she would come down again. And the outside doors were locked. Where should I go? She would be coming in an instant.

There were the long windows, bolted only. I ran to one. I opened it quickly, softly, and closed it. I slipped over the iron balcony rail and dropped a long way to the grass. The tiger cat leaped in its cage beside me and snarled. Its yellow eyes gleamed through the night at me.

I ran through the Bougainvillea arbor, past the offices. The gates stood fortunately ajar. I ran, ran down the pale road to the overseer's house.

It was still illuminated. The jalousies were propped open. A lamp and a model of machinery stood on a table, and there, calm and reliable, a refuge grateful beyond all telling, sat the overseer's son. I ran, breathless, to him.

"Take care of me," I implored him. "My aunt is insane, I think. She went to my room with a carving knife. Take me away. She will follow me."

He cast a glance at the open doors and windows, the frail defenses of a torrid climate, and shook his head. He laid his hand for an instant around my shoulder.

"There's not time," he said. "Go into that room. Lock the door. Be quiet. And whatever happens, don't venture out alone on the roads."

He pushed me gently, and as I shut myself into the shadowy room I saw him instantly resume his seat by his model.

Between the wall and the low ceiling ran the lattice for ventilation. I moved a table against the wall and climbed on it. He had picked up a jeweler's die and went on cutting a thread in a screw.

HIS ear was finer than mine. I had hardly reached my place of vantage, when below the jalousie I saw my aunt's head. She opened the screen door.

The overseer's son did not look up.

"That you, Susy?" he said pleasantly. He swung slowly around, smiling.

"Miss Johns!" he exclaimed, and rose. She stared at him, lowering.

"Where is my niece?" she asked.

"Your niece?" He affected astonishment admirably. "Surely at home now."

"I think she is here," said my aunt.

He smiled indulgently.

"I am working on a model of a cane harvester, Miss Johns," he informed her. "Even with labor at a shilling a day, I think this will save us some money. But you're not interested in it just now—" he yielded to the somber glance she flung him. "Did you look everywhere for your niece? She would not foolishly venture out alone at night in a parish where the negroes are twenty to one."

He lifted his voice warningly. I thought. His earnest anxiety seemed to lull my aunt's suspicions.

"She is surely somewhere in the house. Let me come with you." Speaking in an even tone, he lowered the light and stepped before her to open the door.

The corners of her mouth stretched like the melancholy tiger cat's. She disengaged her hand from the fold of her skirt and leveled the knife between his shoulder blades. She lowered it, and the first smile I had ever seen on her face crossed it like forked lightning.

The overseer's son drew courteously back, and she went through the door. It clicked behind him.

Huddled on my table against the wall, I heard their steps departing.

Below me on the table the little cane harvesting machine glimmered in the faint light. Surely the overseer's son had

Why Buy Advertised Goods?

"YOU have more assurance of quality in advertised goods than in those not so well known. You naturally ask, why?"

"No manufacturer can year after year afford to go down in his pocket to pay for advertising when his goods do not give satisfaction. He seldom makes a profit on his first orders—it is the repeat orders that make the money for him."

"Successful advertising is a sure indication of quality, for without value of the product, no advertising could succeed. The manufacturer and everyone connected with the distribution would lose reputation and money, for the public will not long continue to be gulled."

"Advertising is no more an extravagance than is the use of good seed or good machinery by the farmer. Extensive advertising is just as economical as quantity

production in the motor car industry, for example, for it brings larger and quicker return for the investment, allowing for reinvestment in materials and consequent large production.

"Money spent in extensive and judicious advertising is the best investment in the world today for everyone concerned. Any salesman will tell you that advertised goods can be, and are, quality considered, sold at much less cost than those unknown."

(Reprinted from "The Poster," April, 1913)

There is more equally logical and matter-of-fact comment in this editorial quoted from the official publication of the Poster Advertising Association, but I have quoted only part of it, because I want to emphasize by repetition this simple but important truth:

"Successful advertising is a sure indication of quality, for without value of the product, no advertising could succeed."

Prove this statement to yourself. You may have bought the advertised goods you use in your home or in your business the first time because they were advertised; you use them now because they have given satisfaction.

A. B. J. Hammesfahr.
Manager Advertising Department

No. 127

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Write Moving Picture Plays. Big Prices Paid. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 346 Atlas Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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STAMPS, COINS, CURIOS

We Pay Highest Cash Premiums On All Rare money to 1909. We pay up to \$1000 for some and lesser amount for thousands of others. Get Posted. Send stamp for Large Illustrated Coin Circular. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank of Texas, Dept. C, Fort Worth, Tex.

DIE MAKING and METAL STAMPING

We Are Equipped To Make Dies And Metal stampings of all kinds. If you have a new patent and want the dies and goods made we can make them. No job too small or large for us to handle. Send sample. Edgren Mfg. Co., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

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Wonderful Invention. Instantly Removes Dirt, grease or graphite without soap or water. Applied like cold-cream. Will not hurt most delicate hands. 50c per sample jar. Guaranteed. Money refunded. Agents wanted. Kwik Sales Co., Dept. 161, People's Gas Bldg., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Ladies' Dainty Chamois Pad. It Contains A Piece of soft chamois skin with pure Talcum Powder quilted in one end. It is enclosed in a neat Art Leather Pouch. Powder guaranteed absolutely pure. Price 40 cents. M. W. Jacobs, 2232 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

WINDOW TRIMMING

Let Us Send You Full Information On Window Trimming. Advertising and Card Writing Courses, Books and Monthly Paper. The oldest and most successful school of its kind. The Koester School, 322 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

Everyman's Razor Hone. Hone Is 5 1/4 inches long and 2 inches wide. It is a Carborundum Hone of extreme fineness, velvet edge. Remains in perfect condition a lifetime. Best low-priced Hone a man who appreciates a sharp razor can get. Price \$1.00 each. M. W. Jacobs, 2232 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

JOBS

AGENTS WANTED

Energetic Men In Every Town And City Make big money selling Package Pure Food Products in homes. A trial of them means customers every day all the year. A rare chance for the right man to make money quick. No experience required. Every day's delay is money lost. Particulars free. Send reference. Schorn & Brower, 645-550 West 44th St., New York City.

Agents-Responsible Concerns Are Advertising newest selling specialties and money making propositions in "Monthly Directory" (Illustrated). 3 months, 10c; yearly, 25c. Only authorized publishers, Herbert Pub. Co., 31 E. 27th St., N. Y.

Vacuum Cleaner Agents-Here It Is! Absolutely new design in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Attention Agents "Mop, Vacuum, Crew Man- agers, etc." our indestructible cleaning, polishing, and dustless mop just patented, sells at sight, enormous profits; exclusive territory to business producers; Wonderful opportunity. Duncan Bros., 3425 W. Division St., Chicago.

Agents Make Big Money Selling Our Gold And silver letters for Stores and Office windows, easily applied. Big demand everywhere. Postal brings free sample. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 432 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Wanted-Live Agents To Sell Eureka Steel Ranges from wagons on notes or for Cash. Wonderful money maker for ambitious men. Send for Catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., O'Fallon, Ill.

Agents-A Pair Of Silk Hosiery Free. This Month only. Send no money; state size. Agents wanted in every town. Write today. Beautiful line. Large profits. Triplewear Mills, Dept. P, 113 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents! Would You Take A Steady Job Where you can make big money quick? No experience required. My goods are snappy, household necessities that make and hold customers. E. M. Davis, Pres., 221 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

Advertising Stickers! All Kinds! All Prices! Inexpensive and effective advertising. A universal business help. Send today for price list. Splendid field for agents. St. Louis Sticker Co., Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

We Are The Largest Manufacturers Of Twisted Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, highest profit. Write for our new catalog. You are sure to win. Fuller Brush Co., 37 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

Don't Throw Your Rusty Looking Tan Shoes away. Use Reprus and wear them for best. Makes old tan shoes look new. Honest canvassers wanted. George J. Kelly Co., Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

Convex Portraits, Frames And Glass. You Can better your present salary by selling our new line of portraits. Catalog, samples and particulars free. Established 14 years. C. Culver Art & Frame Co., Westerville, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Wanted-Progressive, Clean-Cut, Fresh-From- the-mint man every town to manage sales districts for steady repeat articles; three big sources of profit; cash sales; new selling plan; no experience needed; small capital; can make fine income annually. Bethlehem Utilities Co., 65C, Pine St., New York.

Start Mail Order Business-Established Corpora- tion backs you. Factory prices. Classy proposition. Copyrighted Prospects free. Mississippi Valley Co., Inc., 35 E. Fifth, Pittsburg, Kansas.

Manufacturer Wants State Managers With 500 to 1000, to establish office and manage salesmen. Guaranteed monthly salary, also liberal commission. References required. Acme Automatic Co., 4308 Dearborn St., Chicago.

REAL ESTATE

Money-Making Farms-13 States, \$10 To \$50 an acre; live stock and tools often included to settle quickly. Big Illustrated Catalogue No. 36 free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 67, 47 W. 34th St., New York.

TEXAS

Gulf Coast Market Gardens Pay Big Profits. Wonderful fertility, ample rainfall, delightful climate, cheap lands (\$20 to \$50 acre), low taxes, good roads, schools. Cotton, corn, potatoes, yield high. Dairying and poultry raising make big returns. Gulf Coast folder free. R. K. Kennedy, Colonization Agent, GC&SF Ry., Galveston, Tex.

VIRGINIA

Virginia Fertile Farm Lands \$15.00 Per Acre and up. Easy payments. Our beautiful illustrated magazine, one year free, if you will send names of two friends who are interested in Virginia. F. H. LaBaume, Agr'l Agent, Norfolk & Western Ry. Bldg., Room 71, Roanoke, Va.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Kodakers! Very Special Offer. Send Any Six exposure roll and 30 cents for developing and six fine Velvet prints, one beautifully hand-colored. Booklet and sample print free. Kamera Shop, 259 Auditorium, Chicago.

You Will Be Satisfied By Paying Ten Cents Per roll, irrespective of size, to have your films developed by an expert. Write for our prices on printing. Camera Shop, Box 42 A, Evanston, Illinois.

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Largest Stock Of Typewriters In America. All makes. Underwoods, L. C. Smiths, Remingtons, etc. 1/4 to 1/2 mfr. prices, (many less)-rented anywhere-applying rent on price. First class machines-rent one and judge on these most liberal terms. Write for catalog 121, Typewriter Emporium, (Established 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR YOUR HOME

Japanese Towels Or "Tenugui"-\$1.00 To \$1.25 per 10 pieces. Agents wanted. Send for illustrated catalogue of other Japanese useful novelties. Miyako & Co., Tameike, Akasaka Tokyo, Japan.

AQUATIC DEVICES

The Auto-Pneumatic Swimming Belt, Pat. Self- inflating. Weighs 1 lb. Folds 3x6 in. Protects sea-travellers and lovers of aquatics from drowning. \$3. Dealers, or 309 Broadway, New York. Booklet-Agents!

not seen the knife in my aunt's hand! Why had he gone? To get her away from me at any price.

It seemed to me that I sat there, cramped, for hours. I saw him entering the deserted building with a homicidal maniac. I saw him lying on his face among the obscure mirrors of Baron's House, and a black stain on the white boards beneath him. I saw my aunt waiting patiently outside for me.

But at last I got down from the table, desperately resolved to do something.

And as I placed my hand on the lock, I heard them returning together.

"It's very strange," said the overseer's son in a troubled tone. "If you wish it, Miss Johns, I'll harness my horse and take you down the road to search. I'll be only a moment. Won't you come?" "I'll wait here," replied my aunt. She sat down noisily in a wicker chair.

The overseer's son came around the house, past the window. I heard him at the stable, speaking to the horse, the ring of harness metal, and stamping. I heard also a movement in the wicker chair, a swift tread, some one trying the door stealthily. But it was locked.

I stepped out of my slippers. Shaking like a sail in the wind, I crossed to the window slowly with infinite caution.

By the time I reached it the overseer's son was getting into his wagon.

The window sill creaked as I climbed upon it. I heard my aunt suddenly fling herself against the door, and knew the lock could not hold against her strength. I jumped from the window. The jalouse prop went flying into the yard. The jalouse slammed down behind me. I ran. The overseer's son received me in the wagon; we drove through the gate as my aunt wrenched the jalouse from its fastenings, and her face appeared against the black room.

A STRANGE, cold promise of dawn lay over the cane fields.

"I've no shoes on," I said.

The overseer's son, fumbling, with his left hand wrapped a linen carriage robe around me. But I kept shivering.

"What could I do?" I asked. "I saw her turn her knife against you, and you went out with her, and what could I do? There was a yellow-haired sailor my grandmother liked very well. She helped to murder him. But what could I do?"

He turned to look at me. His look was like a comfortable cushioned chair for me to rest in.

"Since my people are murderers and maniacs, I'm glad yours are only poor white trash," I added. "It would be a pity to spoil a perfectly good family."

He caught my hand in his. Tears brimmed over my eyelids and splashed down on his hand. "Don't," he cried.

Suddenly I began to sob. "It's been a dreadful night," I apologized. "And I've lost my handkerchief. If you'll lend me yours, I think I'll cry a while."

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in Piano, Voice, Violin, Public School Music, Dramatic Art, etc., masterfully taught by 70 eminent artists, among whom are many of international reputation. Superior Normal Training School supplies teachers for colleges. Desirable Dormitory Accommodations. Diplomas and Degrees. Many free advantages offered to deserving students. 28th Session begins September 11, 1913. For detailed information address SECRETARY, 652 KIMBALL HALL, CHICAGO, ILL.

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One student writes: "I know that you will be pleased when I tell you that I have just received a check for \$125 from 'Everybody's' for a humorous story. They ask for more. I am feeling very happy and very grateful to Dr. Esenwein."

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In all, over One Hundred Courses, under professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and other leading colleges.

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Cards, circulars, books, newspaper, Press proof, Letter 41c, Rotary \$60. 50c money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, outfit, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Clark's Orient Cruise

Feb. 2, '14, by sumptuous new "Rotterdam," 24,170 tons. 61 glorious days. Rates \$400 up, first class, including shore excursions, etc. Program FREE. Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

JOBS

AGENTS WANTED

\$2500 Accident And Health Policy For \$6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays \$2500 death, \$15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. \$5000 Policy for \$10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

You Can Make \$\$\$\$ As Our General Or local agent. Household necessity that saves 80% Perma-nent business. Big profits. Free sample. Write. Pitkin & Co., 114 Redd St., Newark, N. Y.

Agents! Portraits, 35c; Frames, 15c; Sheet Pictures, 1c; Stereoscopes, 25c; Views, 1c. 30 days credit. Samples and catalog free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 145 S, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Wanted-A Few Young Men Willing To Work. Good Pay-short hours-prompt action wins the job. Write at once for Free agent's outfit and exclusive rights. The Progress Tailoring Company, Dept. 1607, Chicago.

Agents Wanted, Exquisite Line Imported And domestic Bichara-Natura perfumes, creams and toilet goods. Large commission, exclusive territory. Address Dept. No. 1, Security Co., Weedsport, N. Y.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

Make Big Money And Six Suits A Year At Cost. We want 200 new tailoring salesmen at once. We agree to furnish each man not to exceed six suits a year for his personal use at actual cost. Write at once. Make big money every week in this clean, high-class position. We furnish everything free-samples, measuring system, full instructions, etc. Also free advertising, printed in agent's own name. No experience necessary. Send no money-Reliable Tailoring Company, Dept. 236 V Reliable Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Make Big Money Taking Orders For Regal made-to-measure Union tailored men's garments. We tell you how. You get everything you need-free. Wonderfully colored, illustrated book of styles and fabrics, tape line, instructions free. Experience unnecessary. Write a postal now. We do the rest. All charges prepaid. Regal Tailoring Company, 701 Regal Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Successful Salesmen Working Small Towns Can increase their earnings during spare time, by placing punch board assortments (jewelry, cutlery, chocolate, gum). We take back unsold goods. Can use only men now employed. State territory. We want men capable of earning \$50.00 per week and we want them now. See Dun and Bradstreet rating. Devon Mfg. Co., Chicago.

Income Insurance: Something New. Liberal, low cost policy issues to men or women, ages 16 to 70, guarantees an income of \$25 weekly for sickness or injury, \$1000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$2000 Accidental Death, \$15 weekly for sickness or injury. Annual cost \$5. Midland Casualty Co., 1345 Insurance Exch., Chicago.

Wanted: Hustlers To Take Orders For Made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$8.00 to \$22.00. You can make good money. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. A, Sangamon St., Chicago.

Salesmen Making Small Towns, Whole Time Or side line, should carry our fast selling pocket size line. Special sales plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick easy sales. \$4.00 commission on each order. Something entirely new. Write for outfit to-day. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Brandeis Attacks Price-cutting

It takes courage of the highest order to stand firm against uneducated public opinion—for the public's good.

Probably in his life of service Louis D. Brandeis, the great Peoples' Lawyer, has never taken a step that will arouse greater comment than the following article.

Most people who have not studied the subject are against price-maintenance. The consumer thinks it a device to make him pay more; the merchant feels that when he buys the goods of the manufacturer they are his and that it is an infringement of his rights to establish his selling price.

Careful study of the subject, however, shows that the same price everywhere is for the best interests of the buying public, the independent dealer and the independent manufacturer.

Price-cutting on articles of individuality, Mr. Brandeis maintains, would enable men controlling vast combinations of capital to win local markets one by one, and create monopolies on the things we eat and wear, then raise the prices higher than before.

This article is published in a number of the leading magazines in the belief that by giving wide publicity to the views of so noted a foe to monopoly as Mr. Brandeis the real interests of the enterprising individual manufacturer, the small dealer and the public will be served.



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Price-maintenance Encourages Individual Enterprise

By LOUIS D. BRANDEIS

THE American people are wisely determined to restrict the existence and operation of private monopolies. The recent efforts that have been made to limit the right of a manufacturer to maintain the price at which his article should be sold to the consumer have been inspired by a motive that is good—the desire for free competition—but they have been misdirected. If successful, they will result in the very thing that they seek to curb—monopoly. Price-maintenance—the trade policy by which an individual manufacturer of a trade-marked article insures that article reaching all consumers at the same price—instead of being part of the trust movement is one of the strongest forces of the progressive movement which favors individual enterprise.

The Article with Individuality

THERE is no justification in fixing the retail price of an article without individuality. Such articles do not carry the guarantee of value that identifies them with the reputation of the man who made them. But the independent manufacturer of an article that bears his name or trade-mark says in effect:

"That which I create, in which I embody my experience, to which I give my reputation, is my own property. By my own effort I have created a product valuable not only to myself but to the consumer, for I have endowed this specific article with qualities which the consumer desires and which the consumer may confidently rely upon receiving when he purchases my article in the original package. It is essential that consumers should have confidence in the fairness of my price as well as in the quality of my product. To be able to buy such an article with those qualities is quite as much of value to the purchaser as it is of value to the maker to find customers for it."

The Distinction Drawn

THERE is no improper restraint of trade when an independent manufacturer in a competitive business settles the price at which the article he makes shall be sold to the consumer. There is dangerous restraint of trade when prices are fixed on a common article of trade by a monopoly or combination of manufacturers.

The independent manufacturer may not arbitrarily establish the price at which his article is to be sold to the consumer. If he would succeed he must adjust it to active and potential competition and various other influences that are beyond his control. There is no danger of profits being too large as long as the field of competition is kept open; as long as the incentive to effort is preserved; and the opportunity of individual development is kept untrammelled. And in any branch of trade in which such

competitive conditions exist we may safely allow a manufacturer to maintain the price at which his article may be sold to the consumer.

COMPETITION is encouraged, not suppressed, by permitting each of a dozen manufacturers of safety razors or breakfast foods to maintain the price at which his article is to be sold to the consumer.

By permitting price-maintenance each maker is enabled to pursue his business under conditions deemed by him most favorable for the widest distribution of his product at a fair price. He may open up a new sphere of merchandising which would have been impossible without price protection. The whole world can be drawn into the field. Every dealer, every small stationer, every small druggist, every small hardware man can be made a purveyor of the article, and it becomes available to the public in the shortest time and the easiest manner.

Price-cutting of the one-priced trade-marked article is frequently used as a puller-in to tempt customers who may buy other goods of unfamiliar value at high prices. It tends to eliminate the small dealer who is a necessary and convenient factor for the widest distribution; and ultimately, by discrediting the sale of the article at a fair price, it ruins the market for it.

Abolish Monopoly but not Price-maintenance

OUR efforts, therefore, should be directed not to abolish price-maintenance by the individual competitive manufacturer, but to abolish monopoly, the source of real oppression in fixed prices. The resolution adopted by the National Federation of Retail Merchants at its annual convention draws clearly the distinction pointed out above. The resolution declared that the fixing of retail prices in and of itself is an aid to competition; among other reasons, because it prevents the extension of the trust and chain stores into fields not now occupied by them. But the resolution also expresses the united voice of the retailers against monopoly and against those combinations to restrain trade against which the Sherman law is specifically directed.

Manufacturers and retailers are getting this distinction clearly in their minds, and it must soon be generally recognized by the public. What is needed is clear thinking and effective educational work which will make the distinction clear to the whole people. Only in this way can there be preserved to the independent manufacturer his most potent weapon against monopoly—the privilege of making public and making permanent the price at which his product may be sold, in every State in the Union.



Baseball Players Won \$10,550

for "Hitting the Bull" Last Season!

The famous cut-out "Bull" Durham sign is erected in the outfield of baseball parks throughout the United States. Every player who hits this giant "Bull" sign with a fairly-batted fly-ball in a regularly scheduled game, is presented with a check for \$50.00 by the manufacturers of "Bull" Durham Tobacco. Last season these cut-out "Bull" Durham signs were hit 211 times in League games for a grand total of \$10,550. Some of the famous baseball players who received \$50.00 checks for "hit-

ting the Bull" are Ping Bodie, Chick Gandil, Walter Johnson, Jack Murray, Hal Maggart, Hans Lobert, Gabby Cravath and Ben Houser.

An additional prize of 72 sacks of "Bull" Durham is awarded for every home-run made in regular league games in parks where these "Bull" Durham signs are erected. Last year baseball players won 257,400 sacks (\$12,870 worth) of "Bull" Durham by making 3575 home runs!

GENUINE
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